

# THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

### TO THE WHALE;

LATELY EXHIBITED AT CASTLE GARDEN.

Of real part, MILTON  
But ead splendor arm!

What now, thou fearless rider of the wave—  
Old soldier of the wild and warlike deep:  
Why hast thou wandered from thy silent cave,  
So near the noisy haunts of man to creep?  
Didst tire of ocean's everlasting roar,  
That thus thou'rt found on the "upbraiding shore?"

The mob come all to see thee, but to make  
Vile speculations on thy monstrous bulk;  
To them no fancies follow in thy wake,  
More than in stranded collier's rotten hulk.  
All they can think of Ocean's master-piece,  
Is, "what a wealth of soap and candle grease!"

"Strange are the thoughts that crowd into my brain,  
As I gaze on thee!"—reservoir of oil!  
Fancy lets loose the winged ones of her train,  
And 'Thought goes down where Ocean's toun-  
tains boil.

To find a reason why thy silly heart  
Should have desired from thy cold home to part.

Thy broad white belly, glistening in the sun,  
Ere now has scraped the bottom of the sea  
A thousand leagues away—thy back of dun  
Lifted the wave beneath an ice-berg's sea:  
Thy young still cradle in the wild North Pole,  
And thy wife mourns thee now—in Symmes's hole!

Hast been upon the bleak Norwegian shore,  
Where the great Maelstrom lifts its thunder song?  
And was there terror in its ceaseless roar,  
As the loud whirlwind hurried it along?  
Or was it harmony that gently lulled to sleep—  
The great Eolian of the listening deep!

Pity thou canst not speak—for I should like  
To hear the tale which thou might'st then unfold:  
A tale of love, it might be, which would strike  
An answering chord in mortal heart less cold:

For I doubt not thou'rt felt the master passion—  
After thine own unique and bounding fashion.

What news might not that lifeless carcass bring,  
Of strange disasters in thy own far clime:  
Perchance of warfare that unthroned a king,  
Thyself that king! or, haply, the exact time,  
(Perhaps, e'en now, thyself wast flying from it.)  
When we poor pilgrims may expect the comet.

I start to think that that great bulk of thine,  
May be the embodying of the plague itself!  
Who knows, old follower of the stormy brine,  
But cholera lurks upon thy whalebone shelf?  
Or that the comet may not be distilled,  
And thy tough skin with its hot essence filled?

Away, ungenerous thought! I'll not believe it:—  
Thou'rt nothing more than just what thou ap-  
pear'st;

That broad strong back, with fin enough to heaven it,  
That brainless head, and eye that's none the  
clearest,

And the half-acre of that spreading tail,  
Proclaim thee what thou art—a very whale!

But well, unwieldy monster of the deep,  
Until I meet thee in a different form:—  
Whether to feed the lamp that frightens sleep,  
Or the umbrella that shades the storm.—

I paid a coin to see thee, and should thy brother  
Make us a visit, he shall have another. SAT.

### AN ODD CHAPTER.

"The world to his great wronging on,  
The sun to him stood still,  
When warning riddles stuck forlorn,  
And starveling drooped his gill."

I have long thought that there was one chapter  
wanting in the Book of Modern Customs. We have  
chapters innumerable in the magazines, describing  
the habits, dress, and dispositions of all classes of ex-  
quisites; from him who sitteth cross-legged upon the  
counter, to him who sporteth musk and mustachios  
in the drawing-room. But in all these, and even in

the authors of the Young Duke and Pelham's de-  
scriptions of the most finished dandyism, we have not  
a single chapter devoted exclusively to that most de-  
licate and subtle part of a man's dress, which rises  
above his cravat. It has puzzled me to know why  
the great fashionable writers have so slightly touched  
upon such a paramount object.

In making these remarks, I wish not to be under-  
stood as stepping in to fill up the literary chasm left  
by the great writers. Far be it from one of my unso-  
phisticated modesty to attempt any such impossi-  
bility. I wish merely, and with deference, to throw out  
a few hints and suggestions, if perchance they may  
come under the observation of some one who can do  
the subject justice.

The article which is to lend dignity to my pen,  
passeth under divers cognominations. Among the  
lower class—your every day people—it is called a  
collar. By those who profess to consider the noble  
science of dress beneath their notice, it is often called  
a hypocrite; sometimes a disguise. By some it is called  
a dickey. One writer calls it "a linen bar, which  
too often stands sponsor for rags." This may be  
very facetious, but let me tell that gentleman, that  
when a clean and neat apology appears in the place  
of absent dirt and rags, every body is satisfied that  
the substitute is preferable to the original. Among  
the connoisseurs in this emblem of manhood, it is more  
familiarly called a Gill. I will not expatiate upon the  
meaning or probable origin of the word—whether it is  
a remnant gleaned from researches in the golden  
age, or whether, like "brandy and water," it is a  
"modern invention." Enough to know that it is the  
popular name for that part of the dress on which the  
clin reposes.

The human form is not more varied than are the  
shapes of Gills. Take nineteen men out of twenty,  
and, with a quick eye, one may detect him by his gill,  
for a dandy or an alderman, a neat, or a slovenly  
man. But I wish to express my ideas more fully on  
this head. Like the beards and beardless chins which  
they protect, there are many kinds of Gills; and may  
with propriety be divided into five classes, viz.

The Gill of Integrity,  
The Dignified Gill,  
The Gill of Precision,  
The Supercilious Gill, and  
The Superfluous Gill.

I will define the various meanings. First, the Gill  
of Integrity is one, which, being well and firmly  
starched, retains its original uprightness in all weath-  
ers. It shrinks not from heat nor cold. The thirsty  
sun may drink up the streams in the gatters, melt  
paving stones, pulverise the monument, absorb alder-  
men, and cause dandies to exhale, yet the Gill of In-  
tegrity bends not, neither is cast down. If the owner  
grow dull and narcotic, it acts as a pillar whereon he  
may rest his weary head. At church he can slumber  
in his pew, and the rigorous energy of his Gill will  
protect him from falling on either side. This Gill is  
usually of a dazzling whiteness, although there are  
times of heat, and dust, and perspiration, when it will  
give signs of *sellability*.

The Dignified Gill, however one might suppose to  
the contrary, is not unsequent. The Divine who  
preaches abstinence twice on Sunday, and eats good  
dinners the rest of the week, wears such a Gill. Ob-  
serve his double chin and rosy cheeks, balancing be-  
tween a pair of noble and extended eyebrows. How  
majestically, and yet how gracefully rises the Gill on  
either side. It smacks of grandness, and stands like  
a tower of strength, overlooking and defending a  
country of proud antiquity! But it is not confined to  
the clergy: it is worn by many others. I have even  
seen an alderman with one on!—yet such are rare.  
The Gill of Dignity is so easily discerned, that I shall  
not enlarge upon its peculiarities, but pass on to the  
Gill of Precision. This is one which it requires a  
nice tact and discrimination to wear. The head  
should be turned neither to the right nor the left, but  
its course should be, like the eagle's, "right on." It  
cannot retain its precision in a heated ball-room.  
There is a peculiarity in the cut, and arrangement,  
which should be noticed. The points are made to  
project forward at an angle of seventeen degrees,  
with the extremities slightly bent, or curved, after the  
Gill is adjusted. With this a white cravat is usually  
worn. The Gill itself combines all the advantages of  
the Gill of Integrity, without having any of its bad  
qualities. It should be starched neither too much,  
nor too little: and the laundress should be instructed  
that the iron be passed over it quickly, and very hot.  
It should be of the most virginal whiteness, of the

strictest integrity, yet of the most tender simplicity;  
and it must be handled by the fond fingers of the  
wearer with scrupulous delicacy. Care should be  
taken that in the adjustment, one point should not  
protrude the slightest fraction beyond a parallel with  
the other. In such a case its precision is gone, and  
the redundant and glowing beauties of the Precise  
Gill are totally nullified. I have been more fastidious  
in my description of this Gill, because it requires  
much and long practice to acquire it. I have noticed  
that many rich and gay old bachelors acquire the art  
of wearing the Precise Gill.

Next in course is the Supercilious Gill. This is  
very much worn now-a-days, particularly among that  
class of bipeds called dandies, and dapper men. The  
wearing it is owing to their want of taste and breed-  
ing, for it is a Gill that, like the unseemly mammoth,  
should be stricken out of existence. It is often worn  
with a tall stock; or a cravat boundedly padded.  
The long slender points lay under, and project for-  
ward from the chin, like the (to me) nameless ropes  
and tackle which fasten the bowsprit to the bows of a  
Baltimore clipper. If put on in the morning and worn  
through the day, it often becomes indented and curv-  
ed, like the sea serpent's back; so that, although it  
may feel smooth and elastic to the wearer, yet to the  
observer, it conveys an idea of any thing but taste and  
neatness. There are many such to be seen in Broad-  
way, of a Sunday afternoon. Long, horizontal strips  
of linen, that would make tails for kites excellently  
well.

But the Superfluous Gill:—what shall I say of  
thee, my loved, my revered friend! Who ever knew  
a jolly old citizen of the world, who had travelled over  
half the earth and sea, and told good stories, and  
laughed heartily over his glass, that did not wear a  
Superfluous Gill? How happy and jocular looks the  
face that nestles between a pair of high, wrinkled, and  
perchance soiled fragments of linen of indefinite longi-  
tude! The very sight of such an one is a provoca-  
tion to mirth. I love to meet an old friend of mine  
who hath an extensive corporation, waddling along  
with his head immersed in a Superfluous Gill, for all  
the world like a moving windmill, with the sails  
spread! He always meets you with a jocular story,  
and leaves you with a facetious chuckle. Such men  
are a blessing—and when I meet with one who moves  
under half an acre of gill, I know him to be one who  
bestows no thought upon the troubles of the world,  
save a cross wife, and the gout—and even to those he  
rises superior. The broad, and happily-accommodat-  
ing Gill, that sways about with every motion of the  
head, is an index to the mind of the wearer. He is  
an honest, frank, and open-hearted man. If the world  
were peopled with such, who appear to be, like their  
Gills, of "unregistered antiquity," what a beautiful  
world it would be. Your men with lean and hungry  
look, like Cassius, never wear Superfluous Gills. A  
crab to a side-saddle—John Randolph wears no Gill,  
—or if any, that is a standing libel upon his tail-  
or. No man of wit, taste, or gallantry, appears  
without a Gill. A gill-less man is like beef-steak  
without gravy, or pudding without sauce—well enough  
of themselves, but unfinished and tasteless.

There is another kind of Gill which I have no name  
for. It is worn by men of business, such as have  
"declined into the vale of years," but are as anxiously  
as ever pursuing their thirst after money. It is a slight  
corner of linen rising above a closely tied cravat, so  
fraughtly starched that a microscope could scarce dis-  
cover it. On a Sunday it will be slightly elevated, as  
conscious of the return of seasons. But on Monday  
you shall see it shrunk back into its former insignif-  
icance. I do not call this a business Gill, because  
there are divers others which pertain to business. I  
think it better to remain nameless. Yet when you  
see such an one as I have described, you shall know  
the owner for a business man, and one "well to do."  
Mark him! and if he has a daughter—but no matter:  
this is not a chapter on courtship.

There are many other Gills, which might be classed  
with, perhaps some benefit to those unlearned in  
Gilliana. But I leave it to older and wiser heads.  
Should I have called the attention of such an one to  
the subject, my end will be gained, and my object an-  
swered. It is a subject replete with interest. It con-  
tains abundant matter for reflection; and is, to the  
curious, rife with food for meditation. Let some one  
skilled in collecting and arranging facts, reflect upon  
this matter, and after reflection, build a book. On  
the word of a gentleman, his name shall be chronicled  
by Fame, with a Brummel and a Ude.

*Prince Macromichaelis.*—This Mamote Chief,  
whose name is familiar in the annals of Greek  
regeneration, has left a remarkable will behind  
him; from which we quote the following singular,  
and, in many respects, beautiful passage, address-  
ed to his widow:—"Beloved! I leave you in the  
hands of the Allwise, let your hope ever dwell with  
him. Beware of ever lending your ear to flatter-  
ers or sycophants, for this world is compounded of  
silly; and I experienced conviction of the bitter  
truth whilst I lay in bondage. The night of the  
Anagnos has visibly appeared to me; pray to  
him earnestly, pray to him for thyself, for our or-  
phaned Photini, and for my sinful soul. My be-  
loved, I leave thee, by the blessed Virgin, never  
to marry again. Do not leave our poor child,  
our Photini, motherless, do not expose her to the  
rude dealing of a second husband. Think, I  
implore thee, of the days of happiness which have  
passed together; of those days when thou didst  
pledge thyself not to marry again, if thou  
shouldst survive me. The hour is at hand in  
which I must resign my spirit; and, for the third  
time, I conjure thee not to marry again; cling  
to thine honor and chastity as a widow; fast and  
pray, for life draws swiftly to an end. Give Pho-  
tini a good education, and, if God bless thee with  
a posthumous pledge of our love, let it be called  
George, if it prove a boy, but if a girl, let her  
name be Georgia. By this shall my name be  
ever on thy lips, and thou shalt never forget me.  
Instruct our children in the ways of uprightness,  
teach them gentle manners and dignity, and lead  
them in the path of knowledge. Preserve my  
beautiful sash, and if thou shouldst have it son,  
present it to him, but if a daughter, dispose of it,  
and bestow what it may produce on the poor.—  
London Court Journal.

*The Ghost of Napoleon.*—At the Mansion  
House, on Saturday, M. Pierre de Blois, a French  
gentleman, who resides in chambers in Leaden-  
hall street, was summoned before the Lord Mayor  
for beating Rafael Spaghietti, an image-seller, and  
breaking a very fine bust of Napoleon. Buo aparte.  
It appeared that the Italian went up stairs to the  
defendant's room door, at the top of which there  
was a glass; he raised up the head of the image,  
which was made of pale clay, to the glass, and  
said softly, "hey my ghost of Napoleon!" M. de  
Blois, who had known the Emperor, thought he  
saw his ghost, and exclaiming, "Oh, Christ, save  
us!" fell on the floor in a fit. The Italian, seeing  
no chance of a sale that day, went away and re-  
turned the next. M. de Blois, in the meantime,  
having recovered from his fit, and hearing how  
his terror had been excited, felt so indignant, that  
the moment he saw Spaghietti at his door the next  
day, he flew at him, and tumbled him and the  
Emperor down stairs together. It happened that  
a confectioner's man was at that moment coming  
up stairs with a gibel pie, to a Mr. Wilson, who  
resided in the chambers, and the Emperor and  
Italian, in their descent, alighted on his tray,  
which broke their fall, and saved the Italian's  
head, but could not save Napoleon's, which was  
totally destroyed; the gibel pie also suffered so  
much from the collision, that Mr. Wilson refused  
to have any thing to do with it. After a good  
deal of explanation amongst the parties, and a  
good deal of laughter amongst the auditors, M.  
de Blois agreed to pay for the pie, and Mr. Wilson  
generously paid for the loss of the Emperor.

*Mr. Leigh Hunt.*—It is proposed to publish by  
subscription the poetical works of this gentleman, for  
reasons which we extract from the prospectus:—"The  
uninterrupted literary labour of many years,  
with the exhaustion it is calculated to produce,—ex-  
ertion, still continued, in a state of health always too  
much drawn upon, and sometimes threatened to be  
fatal,—domestic difficulties with which every man of  
spirit and feeling may sympathize,—and the common  
cause of the world of letters, (for it is the particular  
wish, both of those who differ, and of those who agree  
with him, that all other considerations connected  
with his literary efforts, should be left out of the ques-  
tion),—all these reasons, and all which they can im-  
ply to delicate understandings, have induced some of  
the friends of Mr. Leigh Hunt to take upon them one  
of the justest of offices, and endeavor to expedite for  
him what it might take many more anxious months,  
and many another illness, to accomplish. In a word,  
they would put him in advance of his difficulties." The  
names of many noblemen, and of all persons emi-  
nent in literature, are annexed to the list of subscrip-  
tion.

*Anecdote of Mrs. Masters.*—A cousin of the de-  
ceased lady's, Miss Rudford, was educated with the  
young heiress, and treated as her foster sister. She  
was unprovided for, and the generous lady's first act  
after attaining her majority was to settle 10,000*l.* up-  
on the companion of her early days. The object of  
this splendid munificence is still living unmarried in  
London.—*Stamford Bee.*

## MISCELLANY.

From the Atlas.

## THE SUITOR'S SUIT, A NON-SUIT.

We take the liberty of adapting a title to the following verses, belonging to the class of ballads originating in the grotesque fancy of Hood, and published by himself, or one of his disciples, as the Lay of a lost minstrel. Those who entertain a horror of puns should not venture on a perusal of the ditty.

Bill of the Broom in youth had been  
A tailor—cutting blade;  
And proved his trade he did not love  
By making love his trade.

His "heart's delight," ind ostentiously,  
By toil made many a penny;  
Jenny hard worked at spinning, and  
Worked hard a spinning-jenny.

All day he'd watch the attic pane,  
To see how Jenny got on;  
His heart would "cotton" to the maid,  
While she, sweet maid, made cotton.

The youth he wrote to tell his flame,  
She answer'd, maiden silly;  
He wore her billet on his heart,  
Her heart was on her Billy.

The course of true love, saith the bard,  
Never yet smooth did run;  
A rival had begun his suit  
Ere Bill his suit begun.

Smart Stephen Tray, with sayings, say,  
Jenny would oft divert,  
Crying, "Bill's not expert at seams,  
He only seems expert."

In wrath the tailor learnt the end  
Of such a fair beginning,  
He sent her spinning-jenny first,  
And then his Jenny, spinning.

The faithless one with Stephen wed;  
Cried Bill, half broken-hearted,  
"She'd think, of course, that I am dead,  
When told that I'm departed."

So quick enlisting (no one now  
His jealous heart impeaches),  
His jealous making still pursued,  
Simply by making breeches.

But was must end, so Bill returned,  
And stood with dumfounded rein,  
Behold him out with crossings, fail!  
To keep the crossings clean.

Yet still he on his rival smiled,  
Whom clouds now hung above;  
For Jenny showed the love of power  
More than the power of love.

But tailors die as well as men,  
For death grins little leisure,  
Nor ever was known to disappoint  
If once he takes his measure.

And fits his customers so tight,  
No room he leaves for dodging,  
Though if he calls him from his board,  
At least he finds him lodging.

Bill's fall, which happened on his stand,  
By every one was wept,  
To think that he who swept away  
At last away was swept.

## THE MATCH-MAKER.

OR THE SNOWING OF STRATH LUGAS.

This entertaining narrative, with some abridgment &c. to adapt it to the columns of the Atlas, we quote from "Blackwood." The Laird certainly appears to have been a rare manager.—B.

"Jolly old Simon Kirkton! thou art the very high priest of Hymen. There is something softly persuasive to matrimony in thy contented, comfortable appearance! and thy house—why, though it is situated in the farthest part of Inverness-shire, it is as fertile in conjugal joys as if it were placed upon Gretna Green."

Half the country was invited to a grand dinner and ball at Simon's house in January, 1812. All the young ladies had looked forward to it in joyous anticipation and hope, and all the young gentlemen with considerable expectation—and fear. Every thing was to be on the grandest scale. The Duke was to be there with all the nobility, rank, and fashion of the district;—and, in short, such a splendid entertainment had never been given at Strath Lugas in the memory of man. The drawing room was dismantled of its furniture, and the floors industriously chalked over with innumerable groups of flowers. The farder was stocked as if for a siege; the domestics drilled into a knowledge of their respective duties; and every preparation completed in the most irreproachable style.

The day came at last, a fine sharp clear day, as ever gave a bluish tinge to the countenance, or brought tears to beauty's eye. There had been a great fall of snow a few days before, but the weather seemed now settled into a firm enduring frost. The Laird had not received a single apology, and waited in the hall along with his Lady to receive his guests as they arrived. "My dear, is it that a carriage coming up the Broseil-knowe? And Laddy Clavers, I declare. She'll be going to dress here, and the three girls.—Anne's turned religious; so I'm thinking she's owre auld to be married.—It's a pity the minister's no coming; his wife's just dead—but Jeanie'll be looking out for somebody.—We maun put her next to young Gerfain. Elizabeth's a thoct owre young; she can

stay at the side-table with Tammy Maxwell—he's just a hobbblethoy—it wad be a very good match in time." In this way, as each party made its appearance, the Laird arranged in a moment the order in which every individual was to be placed at table; and even before dinner he had the satisfaction of seeing his guests breaking off into the quiet *tete-a-tetes*, which the noise and occupation of a general company render sweet and secluded as a meeting by moonlight alone. While his eye wandered round the various parties thus pleasantly engaged, it rested on the figure of a very beautiful girl whom he had not previously remarked. She sat apart from all the rest, and was amusing herself with looking at the pictures suspended round the room—apparently unconscious of the presence of so many strangers. She seemed in deep thought; but as she gazed on the representation of a battle-piece, her face changed its expression from the calmness of apathy to the most vivid enthusiasm.

"Mercy on us!" whispered the Laird to his wife, "what's she that! that beautiful young lassie in the white gown? an' no a young bachelor within a mile o' her—Deil ane o' them deserves such an angel."

"It's a Miss Mowbray," was the reply: "She came with Mrs. Carmichael—a great beiss, they say—it's the first time she was ever in Scotland."

"Aha! say ye sae?—Then we'll see if we canna keep her among us noo that she is come. Angus M'Leod—na, he'll no do—he's a good enough lad, but he's no bonny. Charlie Fletcher—he wad do well enough; but I'm thinking he'll do better for Bell Johnson. Oo, donner'd auld man, no to think o' him before! Charlie Melville's the very man—the handsomest, bravest, cleverest chield she could hae; and if she's gotten the siller, so much the better for Charlie—they'll be a bonny couple."

And in an instant the Laird laid his hand on the shoulder of a young man, who was engaged with a knot of gentlemen, discussing some recent news from the Peninsula, and dragging him away, said, "For shame, Charlie, for shame! Do you not see that sweet, modest lassie a' by herself? Gang up till her this minute—bide by her as lang as ye can—she's weel worth a' the attention ye can pay her—Miss Mowbray," he continued, "I'm sorry my friend Mrs. Carmichael has left ye sae much to yourself—but here's Charlie, or, rather I should say, Lieutenant Charles Melville, that will be happy to supply her place. He'll tak ye into ye'r dinner, and dance wi' ye at the ball."

"All in place of Mrs. Carmichael, sir?" replied the young lady, with an arch look.

"Weel said, my dear—weel said—but I maun leave younger folks to answer ye. I've seen the time I wadna hae been very like to gie ye an answer that wad hae stoppit your weel bit mou', sae sweet an' bonny." Saying these words, and whispering to his young friend, "Stek till her, Charlie," he bustled off, on hospitable thoughts intent, to another part of the room.

After this introduction, the young people soon entered into conversation, and greatly to the Laird's satisfaction, the young soldier conducted Miss Mowbray into the hall, sat next her all the time of dinner, and seemed as delighted with his companion as the most match-making lady or gentleman could desire. The lady, on the other hand, seemed in high spirits, and laughed at the remarks of her neighbor with the highest appearance of enjoyment.

"How long have you been with Mrs. Carmichael?"

"I came the day before yesterday."

"Rather a savage sort of country I'm afraid you find this, after the polished scenes of your own land."

"Do you mean the country," replied the lady, "or the inhabitants? They are not nearly such savages as I expected; some of them seem half civilized."

"It is only your good nature that makes you think us so. When you know us better, you will alter your opinion."

"Nay, now don't be angry, or talk, as all other Scotch people do, about your national virtues. I know you are a very wonderful people—your men all heroes, your peasants philosophers, and your women angels; but seriously, I was very much disappointed to find you so like other people."

"Why, what did you expect?—Did you think we were men whose heads did grow beneath our shoulders?"

"No—I did not expect that; but I expected to find every thing different from what I had been accustomed to. Now, the company here are dressed just like a party in England, and behave in the same manner. Even the language is intelligible at times; though the Laird, I must say, would require an interpreter."

"Ah! the jolly old Laird—his face is a sort of polyglot dictionary—it is the expression for good humour, kindness and hospitality, in all languages."

"And who is that at his right hand?"

"What? the henchman!—That's Rory M'Taggart—he was piper for twenty years in the 73d, and killed three men with his own hand at Vimiera."

"And is that the reason he is called the henchman?"

"Yes, henchman means, 'The piper with the bloody hand, the slaughterer of three.'"

"What a comprehensive word!—It is almost equal to the Laird's face."

But here the Laird broke in upon their conversation. "Miss Mowbray, dinna be frightened at a' the daft things the wild soger is saying to you." Then he added, in a lower tone, "Charlie wad settle doon into a douce quiet, steady married man, for a' his tantrums. It wad be a pity if a Frenchman's gun should spoil his beauty, poor fellow."

The young lady bowed, without comprehending a

syllable of the speech of the worthy host. "Are you likely to be soon ordered abroad?" she said.

"We expect the route for Spain every day, and then buzza for a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

"Ah! war is a fine game when it is played at a distance! Why can't kings settle their disputes without having recourse to the sword?"

"I really can't answer your question, but I think it must be out of a kind regard to the interests of younger brothers. A war is a capital provision for poor devils like myself, who were born to no estate but that excessively large one which the catechism calls the 'estate of sin and misery.'—But come, I see from your face you are very romantic, and are going to say something sentimental—luckily his Grace is proposing a removal into the ball-room; may I beg the honor of your hand?"

"Ah, lad!" cried the Laird, who had heard the last sentence, "are ye at that work already—asking a laddy's hand on sae short an acquaintance?—But folk canna do't owre sure!"

The bustle caused by the secession of those who preferred Terpsichore to Bacchus, luckily prevented Miss Mowbray's hearing the Laird's observation, and in a few minutes she found herself entering with heart and soul into the full enjoyment of a country dance.

Marriages they say are made in heaven. Charles Melville devoutly wished the Laird's efforts might be successful, and that one could be made on earth. She was indeed, as the Laird expressed it, "a bonny cratur to look at." I never could describe a beauty in my life—so the loveliness of the English heiress must be left to the imagination. At all events, she was 'the bright consummate flower of the whole wreath' which was then gathered together at Strath Lugas; and even Lady Clavers said, "That Miss Mowbray's very weel put on indeed, for sae young a lassie. Her hair's something like our Anne's—only I think Anne's has a wee richer tinge o' the golden."

"Lord save us a'!" whispered the Laird; "poor Anne's hair's as red as a carrot."

"An' dinna ye think her voice," said her ladyship—"dinna ye think her voice is something like our Jeanie's—only maybe no sae rich in the tone?"

"Feth, ma'am," said the Laird, "I maun wait till I hear Miss Mowbray speak the Gaelic, for really the saft sort o' beautiful English she speaks gies her a great advantage."

"As ye say, Mr. Kirkton," continued her ladyship, "like all great talents, never attended to what any one said but herself, 'Jeanie has a great advantage owre her, but she's weel enough, for a' that.'"

In the meantime the young lady, who was the subject of this conversation, troubled herself very little as to what Lady Clavers said or thought on the occasion. I shall not on any account say that she was in love, for I highly disapprove of such a speedy surrender to Dan Cupid in the softer sex; but at all events she was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and evidently pleased with her partner. No scruple of the same kind restrains me from mentioning the state of Charles Melville's heart. He was as deeply in love as ever was the hero of a romance, and in the pauses of the dance, indulged in various reveries about love and a cottage, and a number of other absurd notions, which are quite common, I believe on such occasions. He never deigned to think on so contemptible an object as a butcher's bill, or how inconvenient it would be to maintain a wife and four or five angels of either sex, on ninety pounds a year; but at the same time I must do him the justice to state, that, although he was a Scotchman, the fact of Miss Mowbray's being an heiress never entered into his contemplation—and if I may mention my own opinion, I really believe he would have been better pleased if she had been as portionless as himself. But time and tide wear through the roughest day; no wonder, then, they were very rapidly through the happiest evening he had ever spent. The Duke and the more distant visitors had taken their leave; 'the mirth and fun grew fast and furious' among the younger and better acquainted parties who were left; but, greatly to the mortification of the young soldier, his partner was called away at the end of a dance, just when he had been anticipating a delightful *tete-a-tete* while the next was forming. With his heart nearly bursting with admiration and regret, he wrapped her in her cloaks and shawls, and in silent dejection, with only a warm pressure of the hand, which he was enchanted to find returned, he handed her into Mrs. Carmichael's old fashioned open car, though the night was dark and stormy—and after listening to the last sound of the wheels as they were lost among the snow, he slowly turned, and re-entered the ball-room. Their absence, to all appearance, had not been noticed by a single eye—a thing at which he as a lover under such circumstances is bound to be, was greatly surprised. "Blockheads!" he said, "they would not see the darkness if the sun were extinguished at mid-day." And he fell into a train of reflections, which, from the expression of his countenance, did not seem to be of a very exhilarating nature. In about twenty minutes, however, after his return, he was roused by the henchman, whom he had spoken of at dinner, who beckoned him from the hall.

"The bonny cratur!—the bonny cratur!" he began,—"an' sic a night to gang hame in!—the stars a' put out, the snaw beginnin' to drift, and a spate in the Lugas! Noo, if auld Andrew Strachan, the Leddy Carmichael's coachman, doited auld body, and mair than half fun, tries the ford—oh, the lassie, the bonny bit lassie 'll be lost!—an' 'll never hae the heart to spend the crown-piece she slippit into my hand just afore the dancin'."

But what more the worthy henchman might have said must remain a mystery to all succeeding time; for, long before he had come to the episode of the crown, Charles had rushed headless into the open air, and dashed forward at the top of his speed to overtake the carriage, in time to warn them from the ford. But the snow had already formed itself into enormous wreaths, which, besides impeding his progress, interfered greatly with his knowledge of localities; and he pursued his toilsome way more in despair than hope. He shouted, in the expectation of his voice being heard, but he heard no reply. He stooped down, to see the track of the wheels, but the snow fell so fast and drifted at the same time, that it was quite unrecognisable, even if the darkness had not been so deep. However, onward he pressed towards the ford, and shouting louder and louder as he approached it. The roaring of the stream, now swollen to a prodigious height, drowned his cries, and his eyes in vain searched for the object of his pursuit; far and near, up and down, he directed his gaze, and in a transport of joy at the hope which their absence presented, that they had gone round by the bridge and were saved, he was turning round to return home, when he thought he heard, in a bend of the river, a little way down, a faint scream above the roaring of the torrent. Quick as lightning he rushed towards the spot, and leaped as loud as he could. The shriek was distinctly repeated, and a great way out in the water, he saw some substance of considerable size. He shouted again, and a voice replied to him from the river. In an instant he had plunged into the stream, and though it was rushing with the greatest impetuosity, it was luckily not so deep as to prevent his wading. And after considerable toil, for the water was above his breast, he succeeded in reaching the object he had descended from the bank. It was, indeed, Mrs. Carmichael's car, and in it he had the inexpressible delight to find the two ladies, terrified, indeed, with their appalling situation, but luckily in full possession of their presence of mind.

In a few hurried words he desired them to trust entirely to him, and begging the older lady to remain quiet in the carriage, he lifted the younger in his arms,—but in the most earnest language she implored him to save her companion first, as she had such confidence in herself that she was certain, she could remain in the carriage till he had effected his return. Pressing her to his heart in admiration of such magnanimity, he laid her gently back, and lifting Mrs. Carmichael from her seat, he rushed desperately for the shore. The water even to this short time had perceptibly risen, and on reaching the bank, and depositing his burden in safety, he rushed once more through the torrent, for he lost a moments delay should make it impracticable to reach the car. That light equipage was now sinking from the impetuous attacks of the stream, and at the moment when the fainting girl was lifted up, a rush of greater force taking it, now unbalanced by any weight, forced it on its side, and rolled it off into the great body of the river. It had been carried above fifty yards below the ford, without, however, being overturned, and had luckily become entangled with the trunk of a tree; the horse, after severe struggles, had been drowned, and his inanimate weight had helped to delay the progress of the carriage. The coachman was nowhere to be found. Meanwhile the three, once more upon land, pursued their path back to Strath Lugas. Long and toilsome was the road, but clutched to the young soldier by the happy consciousness he had saved 'his heart's love' from death. Tired and nearly worn out with the harassing nature of their journey and of their feelings, they at length reached the hospitable mansion they had so lately quitted. The music was still sounding, the lights still burning brightly,—but when old Simon Kirkton saw the party enter his hall, no words can do justice to the horror of his expression. The ladies were consigned to the attention of his wife. He himself took especial care of the hero of the story; and after having heard the whole adventure, when the soldier, refreshed and in a suit of the Laird's apparel, was entering the dancing room, he slapt him on the shoulder and said, "Diel a doubt o' noo. If ye're no laird of the bonny English acres, and gudeman o' the bonny English ledy, I've nae skeel in speakin'; that's a'!"

The adventure quickly spread, and people were sent off in all directions with lights to discover, if possible, the body of the body of the unfortunate Andrew Strachan. After searching for a long time, our friend, the henchman, thought he heard a voice close beside him, on the bank. He held down his lantern, and, sure enough, there he saw the object of their pursuit lying with his head at the very edge of the water, and his body on the land! The water from time to time burst over his face, and it was only on these occasions that an almost inarticulate grunt showed that the comatose disciple of John Barleycorn was yet alive. The henchman summoned his companions, and on attentively listening to the groans, as they considered them, of the dying man, they distinctly heard him, as he attempted to spit out the water which broke in tiny waves over his mouth, exclaiming, "Fough, fough! I doot ye're changin' the liquor—a wee drap mair whisky, and a sma' spoonfu' o' sugar." It is needless to say, he was considerably surprised to discover where he was, on being roused by the henchman's party. "It's my belief," said Jock Stewart, the piper, as they hepled him on his way, "the drunken body thoct he was tipplin' a' the time in the butler's ha'."

The weather was become so stormy, and the snow

so deep, house set aback, and by every the bar, and a in the it is a long a and m tops, sion spect of snw skilful fairly might what or two with t lightn The moor, there the L his ow by he "If before a he a —but Has a key t But dies en their h was sh their c wander fell up over h started and ca ay, co his lip (T) saying tear c looks v, a his Laird "St her, a sang I wad adna The the L his gu (belic and th tea at this from t from m the fou present the inf be ha said For man room many some quene an in an stave the a made dme e of in ayo o' sic the L tress, also know mump mper to the m W in this Miss did n the h with (Cha mucky Hiel acquo where as Kirk, he h



so deep, that it was impossible for any one to leave the house that night. The hospitable Laird immediately set about making accommodation for so large a party, and by a little management he contrived to render every body comfortable. The fiddlers were lodged in the barn, the ladies settled by the half-dozen in a room, and a supply of cloaks was collected for the gentlemen in the hall. Where people are willing to be pleased, it is astonishing how easy they find it. Laughter long and loud resounded through all the apartments, and morn began to stand upon the misty mountain-tops, ere sleep and silence took possession of the mansion. Next day the storm still continued. The prospect, as far as the eye could reach, was a dreary waste of snow; and it was soon perceived, by those who were skilful in such matters, that the whole party were fairly snowed up, and how long their imprisonment might last no one could tell. It was amazing with what equanimity the intelligence was listened to; one or two young ladies, who had been particularly pleased with their partners, went so far as to say it was delightful.

The elders of the party bore it with great good humour, on being assured from the state of the larder there was no danger of a famine; and, above all, the Laird himself, who had some private schemes of his own to serve, was elevated into the seventh heaven by the embargo laid on his guests.

"If this bides three days there'll be a dozen couple before Laddylay. It's no possible for a lad and a lass to be snaw'd up together three days without melting—but we'll see the night how it's a' to be managed. Has any one seen Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Mowbray this morning?"

But before this question could be answered, the ladies entered the room. They were both pale from their last night's adventure; but while the elder lady was shaking hands with her friends, and receiving their congratulations, the eyes of her young companion wandered searchingly round the apartment till they fell upon Charles Melville. Immediately a flush came over her cheek, which before was deadly pale, and she started forward and held out her hand. He rushed and caught it, and even in presence of all that company, could scarcely resist the inclination to put it to his lips.

"Thanks! thanks!" was all she said, and even in saying these short words her voice trembled, and a tear came to her eye. But when she saw that all looks were fixed on her she blushed more deeply than ever, and retired to the side of Mrs. Carmichael. This scene passed by no means unheeded by the Laird.

"Stupid whelp!" he said, "what for did he no kiss her, an' it were just to gie her cheeks an excuse for being sae rosy? O'd, if I had saved her frae drownin' I wadnae ha' been sae nice,—that's to say, my dear, he addid to his wife, who was standing near, 'if I wadnae a wife o' my ain'."

The storm lasted for five days. How the plans of the Laird with regard to the matrimonial comforts of his guests prospered, I have no intention of detailing. Believe, however, he was right in his predictions, and the minister was presented with eight several sets of tea-things within three months. Many a spinster at this moment looks back with regret to her absence from the snow party of Strath Lugas, and dates all her misfortunes from that unhappy circumstance. On the fourth morning of the imprisonment the Laird was presented with a letter from Charles Melville. In it he informed him that he desired not to be absent longer, and that his regiment being ordered abroad, and that he had taken his chance and set off on his homeward way in spite of the snow. It ended with thanks for all his kindness, and an affectionate farewell.

Four years after the events I have related, a young man presented himself for the first time in the pump-room at Bath. The gossips of that busy city formed many conjectures as to who and what he could be—something told him a foreigner, some a man of consequence; but all agreed that he was a soldier and an invalid. He seemed to be about six-and-twenty, and was evidently a perfect stranger. After he had stayed in the room, and listened for a short time to the music, he went out into the street, and just as he made his exit by one door, the marvels of the old bell-boys who congregate under the orchestra, were called into activity by the entrance through the other of a young lady leaning on the arm of an old one. Even so simple an incident as this is sufficient in a place like Bath to give rise to various rumours and conjectures. She was tall, fair, and very beautiful, but she also seemed to be in bad health, and to be perfectly unknown. Such an event had not occurred at the pump-room for ages before. Even the master of the room was at a loss. As near as he could guess, the best of his conjecture, he believed he had never seen either the gentleman or the lady.

While surmises of all kinds were going their rounds in this manner, the gentleman pursued his walk up Nelson Street. His pace was slow, and his strength did not seem equal to so gentle an exertion. He leant for support upon his walking-stick, and heard, mingled with many coughs, a voice which he well knew calling, "Charlie! Charlie Melville! I say! pull, ye deil's cockie—ugh—ugh—sic a—conveyance for a Highland gentleman. Ah Charlie, lad," said our old acquaintance, the Laird, who had now got up to where his friend was standing, "sad times for baith o' us—Here am I sent up here wi' a cough wad shake a sick igh—ugh—an the gout in baith my feet—to be hurled about in a chair that gangs upon wheels—

ugh—ugh—by a lazy English vagabond that winna understand a word I say till him.—An' you," and here the old man looked up in the young soldier's face—"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, is this what the wars ha' brocht ye to!—ugh—ugh.—Ye verri mither wadna ken ye—but come awa', come awa' to my lodgings in Pulteney Street, and tell us a' about what ye've been doin'—ugh—ugh—my fit, my fit! pu' awa', ye ne'er-doweel; turn about, an' be langed till ye—do ye no ken the road to Pulteney Street yet? Come awa' Charlie, my man, dinna hurry." And thus mingling his commands to his chairman, with complaints of the gout and conversation to his friend, the Laird led the way to his lodgings.

Charlie's story was soon told. He had shared in all the dangers and triumphs of the last three years of the war. He had been severely wounded at Waterloo, and had come to Bath with a debilitated frame and a Major's commission. But though he spoke of past transactions as gaily as he could, the quick eyes of the Laird perceived that there was some 'secret sorrow' that weighed down his spirits. "An' did ye meet with nae love adventure in your travels? for ye man na tell me a bit wound in the shoulder wad mak ye sae down-headed as ye are. Is there nae Spanish or French lassie that gies ye a sair heart? Tell it a' to me, an' if I can be of ony use in bringing it about, ye may depend I'll do all in my power to help ye."

"No," replied Charles, smiling at the continued match-making propensities of his friend; "I shall scarcely require your services on that score. I never saw Frenchwoman or Spaniard, that cost me a single sigh." And here, as if by the force of the word itself, the young man sighed.

"Weel, it mair be some English or Scotch lassie then; for it's easy to be seen that somebody costs ye a sigh. I since thoct ye were in a fair way o' winnin' yon bonny cratur ye saved frae the spate o' the Lugas—but ye gae awa' in such a hurry the plant 'adna time to tak' root."

"She was too rich for the poor penniless subaltern to look to," replied the young man, a deep glow coming over his face.

"Havers! havers! She wad ha' given a' her lands von night for a foot o' dry grund. An' as ye won her, ye had the best right to wear her. And I'm muckle mistaken if the lassie didna think sae herself."

"Miss Mowbray must have overrated my services; but at all events I had no right to take advantage of that fortunate accident to better my fortunes by presuming on her feelings of gratitude to her preserver."

"What for no? what for no?" cried the Laird, "ye should ha' married her on the spot. There were eight couples sprang frae the snaw-meeting—ye should ha' made the ninth, and then ye neednae lae had a bail put through your shoulder, nor ever moved frae the brow Holmes o' Surrey. O'd I wish it had been me that took her out o' the water; that is, if I had been as young as you, and Providence had afflicted me with the loss o' Mrs. Kirkton."

"If I had been on a level with her as to fortune"—"Weel! but noo your brother's dead, ye're heir to the auld house, and ye're a Major—what's to forbid the banns noo?"

"I have never heard of Miss Mowbray from that hour to this; in all probability she is married to some lucky fellow."

"She wasna married when I saw Mrs. Carmichael four months since; she was in what laddies ca' delicate health though; she had aye been melancholy since the time of the water business. Mrs. Carmichael thought ye were a fool for running awa'."

"Mrs. Carmichael is very kind."

"Deed is she," replied the Laird, "as kind-hearted a woman as ever lived. She's maybe a thoct ower auld, or I dinna doubt she wad be very happy to marry ye herself."

"I hope her gratitude would not carry her to such an alarming length," said Charles laughing. "It would make young men rather tender of saving ladies' lives."

"If I knew whar she was just now, I wad soon put every thing to rights. It's no ower late yet, though ye manna get fatter before the marriage—ye wad be mair like a skeleton than a bridegroom.—But, save us! what's the matter wi' ye? are ye no weel?—head-ach?—gout?—what is't man?—confound my legs, I cannot stir—Sit down and rest ye."

But Charles, with his eyes intently fixed on some object in the street, gazed as if some horrible apparition had met his sight. Alternately flushed and pale, he continued as if entranced, and then deeply sighing sunk senseless on the floor.

"Rory, Rory!" screamed the Laird—"ugh, ugh, oh! that I could get at the bell?—Cheer up, Charlie, Fire! fire!—ugh, ugh! the lad will be dead before a soul comes near him—Rory! Rory! And luckily the ancient henchman, Rory MacTaggart, made his appearance in time to save his master from choking through mingled fear and surprise. Charles was soon recovered, and, when left again with the Laird, he said, 'As I hope to live, I saw her from this very window, just as we were speaking of her. Even her face I saw! oh so changed and pale! But her walk!—no trace can have such a graceful carriage!'"

"Seen wha?" said the Laird; "Mrs. Carmichael? for it was her we were speakin' o'—aye, she's sair changed; and her walk is weel kent; only I thoct she was a wee stiffer frae the rheumatism last year. But whar is she?"

"It was Miss Mowbray I saw. She went into that house opposite—"

"What! the house with the brass knocker, green door—the veranda with the flower pots, and an' twa dead geraniums?"

"Yes."

"Then, just ring the bell, and tell that English cratur to pu' me in the wee whirligig across the street—"

"Impossible, my dear Laird! recollect your gout—"

"Deil ha' the gout and the cough too! Order the chair; I'll see if it's her in five minutes."

And away, in spite of all objections and remonstrances, went the Laird to pay his visit. "Now, if any one should be in doubt as to the success of his negotiations, I—the writer of this story—Charles Melville, late major—th regiment, will be happy to convince him of it, if he will drop in on me any day at Mowbray-Hall, by my own evidence, and also that of my happy and still beautiful Madeline, though she is the mother of three rosy children, who at this moment are making such an intolerable noise, that I cannot understand a sentence I am writing. I may just mention, that the Laird attended the wedding, and that his cough entirely left him. He does not suffer an attack of the gout more than once a year. He has adopted my second boy, and every autumn we spend three months with him at Strath Lugas. Oh! that all match-makers were as innocent and disinterested as jolly old Simon Kirkton!"

## DRAWING ROOM DRESSES.

The London papers describing the Queen's Drawing-room on Her Majesty's Birth-day, gives the following account of the dresses worn by the personages named.

*Her Majesty.*—A dress of rich white satin, with a splendid diamond and pearl stomacher, the skirt richly ornamented with diamonds and pearls, forming a wreath; train of sky-blue terry velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with ermine; the whole of British manufacture. Head-dress, a magnificent diamond diadem, necklace, and ear-rings en suite.

*H. R. H. Princess Augusta.*—A rich white satin dress, splendidly embroidered in bouquets of gold, with handsome bodice to correspond; corsage et manches, tastefully ornamented with gold, and a superb falling of blonde lace; manteau of purple velvet, embroidered with gold. Head-dress, a splendid beret of gold, with a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

*H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.*—A dress of white satin, richly embroidered with gold, the body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde and diamonds; train of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, to correspond, with gold cord and tassels; all of British manufacture. Head-dress, diamond turquoise and feathers.

*H. R. H. the Princess Victoria.*—An elegant Honiton point lace dress, over rich white satin, the body and sleeves trimmed with point lace. Head-dress, diamonds and pearls.

*H. R. H. the Duchess of Cumberland.*—A rich brocaded gold and white dress, embroidered in gold lama, with blonde sleeves and epaulettes; train of rich crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and a tiara of splendid brilliants.

*Princess Lieven.*—Rich white satin dress, embroidered in gold a colonnade; rich blonde epaulettes; train of rich sapphire velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with lama. Head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets in blonde, and a rich display of diamonds.

*Duchess of St. Albans.*—A rich dress of English blonde lace, over white satin; train of purple velvet, manufactured in Spitalfields, lined with white satin, and trimmed with rosettes of white satin and diamonds; splendid stomacher of sapphires and diamonds. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers, with diamond ear-rings and necklace to correspond.

*Marchioness of Londonderry.*—A rich blonde dress, looped up with agraffes and ribbons of diamonds; bouquet and ceinture of diamonds also; white velours epangale train, magnificently embroidered in guirlandes of dead silver en relief; and trimmed with imperial sables. Head-dress, white plume; bandeau, necklace, ear-rings, &c. of magnificent emeralds and diamonds.

*Marchioness of Stafford.*—An elegant dress of rich and beautiful claret brown satin, with deep bordering, splendidly embroidered in gold lama; drape corsage, tastefully folded with gold tissue, and double beret sleeves, supporting a profusion of handsome blonde lace; manteau of the same rich brown satin, lined with white satin, and surrounded by a superb garniture of gold lama to correspond with dress, and confined by a gold ceinture clasped with diamonds. Gold head-dress, a-la-Turque, with panache of ostrich feathers, and magnificent nigrette and ornaments of costly emeralds and diamonds.

*Countess of Chester.*—A rich white satin petticoat, over a magnificent embroidered gold aropland dress; corsage drape; sleeves Adelaide of superb blonde, with mantilla to correspond; manteau of rich Adelaide satin, elegantly trimmed with gold and lined with white satin; ceinture of gold lace. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets, with a profusion of costly diamonds.

*Viscountess Hood.*—A dress of white crape, richly embroidered at the bottom and up the fronts with gold lama, in rich bunches of flowers, fastened with gold cords and tassels; mantilla and sabots of rich blonde; a manteau of crimson velvet, lined with satin and trimmed round with gold lama. Head-dress, a gold toque, with plume of feathers, and broad blonde lappets.

*Baroness Rothschild.*—A blue watered silk dress, trimmed with rich point lace; mantilla and epaulettes of point lace; train of rich blue watered silk, lined

with white satin. Head-dress, a silver toque, with feathers, lappets of lace, and brilliants.

*Lady Augusta Baring.*—A splendid white satin dress, magnificently trimmed with blonde, corsage Donna Maria, sleeves sequins of rich blonde; manteau of superb royal purple satin, lined with white gros de Naples and tastefully trimmed with blonde; ceinture of diamonds. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, with rubies and diamonds en suite.

*Lady Robert Peel.*—Rich white satin dress, trimmed with ruches and cerise and white bunches of feathers; blonde epaulettes; train of superb ponceau velvet, lined with rich white satin. Plume of cerise and white feathers, with a display of brilliants; lappets in blonde.

*The Lady Mayor.*—A costly dress of white figured satin, superbly trimmed with garniture of silver bows and feather ribbon, tastefully crossed on guirland d'argent; folded corsage; sleeves a la German, ornamented profusely, with mantilla and sabots of handsome blonde; manteau of superb satin, colour cerise, surmounted by a garniture of silver lama, and lined with white gros de Naples; the tout ensemble elegant. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers in an elegant style, with a wreath and tiara, and popillon en diamants; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds, with rich blonde lappets.

## FACETIAE AND ANECDOTES.

From the Atlas.

The humorous Editor of the Philadelphia U.S. Gazette, remarking on the spring weather, and the "spring dresses," says—"The dresses which the National Gazette of yesterday afternoon, quoted as somewhat longer, had receded to former dimensions, and we are hence able to add, that flesh colored stockings, with large clocks, are 'much worn;' at least we saw one pair 'very much worn.'"

*What is a package?*—A correspondent of an evening paper, complaining of obstructions on the sidewalks by auctioneers, says that other citizens are prohibited, under the penalty of a heavy fine, from leaving even "an empty package" before their premises.

A late London paper says, "It is rather singular that Mr. Death should be one of the members of the Whitechapel Committee of Health, and that Mr. De Grave should be the Secretary of the City Cholera Board." Rather more strange than true, we opine.

*Extraordinary Revenge.*—It is announced that a Mrs. H. at St. Catharine's U. C. lately committed suicide, because her husband refused to take her to a place of amusement the night previous!

*A fact worth knowing.*—The Philadelphia Chronicle informs its readers that a neighbouring bar-keeper had that morning, "by extraordinary exertions, secured a small portion of green mint, and furnished snips to his visitors."

*Temperance at Sea.*—A hoghead of rum was not long since picked up at sea without an owner—whence the Editor of the New-Bedford Gazette concludes that Neptune had joined the Temperance Society, and turned the "4th proof" adrift. We hope it is so. Not a few of his sons we know have become members. By the way, how appropriately is the cask named which contains that by which men are transformed into the similitude of swine—a hog's head.

*AMERICAN BILLS.*—We find in one of our contemporaries, an article headed *Greeks in the United States*, which mentions the name of one recently arrived in this city; one at Calamata in Greece! two in Paris! two at Smyrna! two at Malta! and three in the United States.

*A REASON FOR WAITING ON THE WAY.*—A drunken fellow at a late hour in the night, was sitting in the middle of the Place Vendome. A friend of his happening to pass, recognised him, and said, "Well, what do you do here? Why don't you go home?" The drunkard replied, "My good fellow, 'tis just what I want—(hiccup)—but, the place is all going round—(hiccup)—and I'm waiting for my door to go by."

*HATCHETT'S DINNER.*—Two or three weeks ago, Theodore Hook dined with a Mr. Hatchett. "Ah! my dear fellow," said his host deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to day such a dinner as our friend L. gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchett one can expect nothing but a chop."—*London-pop.*

*PAPER MANUFACTURE.*—Straw and Husks have long since been brought into use by the papermakers, and according to a late English Journal, shavings are following in their train—*ecce signum.* "The best paper [!] for wrappers, writing and printing, may be produced from wood shavings boiled in mineral or vegetable alkali. One hundred pounds of wood and twelve pounds of alkali will produce a ream of paper."

*PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY.*—We have lately heard of a specimen of the "march of intellect," equal to any thing that has reached us before, and which leads to the belief that the general distress of the country has not yet extended to one class at least of the community. A gentleman in this town wanting a footman, was applied to by a man who, after agreeing as to wages, and all other minor points, begged to make one further inquiry—"What was the colour of the livery?"—"Brown, with red breeches," he was told. "Then, Sir," said he, "I cannot take the place; I would rather take 3*l.* a year less than wear red breeches!" And he actually called a second time although unbidden, to say that, "on consideration, he could not

make up his mind to the breeches!" Thus it appears there are degrees of dignity in a livery,—a distinction of which we confess ourselves to have been previously ignorant. The above circumstance occurred in Brunswick square.—*London paper.*

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1832.

### ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Mr. Stowell, of this city, has reported in the State Legislature in favor of the total abolition of capital punishment. His reasons are divided into several heads, each of which he sustains by a course of argument. He is opposed to the punishment of death.

*First.* Because it militates against a Republican form of government.

*Second.* Because it is against the law of nature.

*Third.* Because it is unnecessary.

*Fourth.* Because it is useless as an example.

*Fifth.* Because its severity makes its infliction uncertain.

*Sixth.* Because it is not authorized by the laws of God.

*Seventh.* Because it resembles the *lex talionis*—or law of revenge—and

*Eighth.* Because it is irremediable.

That capital punishment is unnecessary, is not only proved by sound reasoning, but sustained by facts. In the vast dominions of Russia the punishment of death was abolished by two of the empresses, namely, Elizabeth and Catherine II. And yet it does not appear that murders, robberies and thefts were more numerous in consequence of this humane system. Rome, during the most glorious period of her republic, for two hundred and fifty years abstained from the punishment of death. The Grecian Emperors, Mauryas, Anastasius, and Angelas, did the same. Tuscany, for more than twenty years, followed their example. Yet, during all these periods, history assures us that crimes decreased, and the supremacy of the laws was sustained. During those twenty years in Tuscany, we have it on the authority of the sovereign, that crimes had become very rare; and Franklin assures us that in all that time only five murders were committed; while at Rome, where death is inflicted with great pomp and parade, sixty murders were committed in the short space of three months, in the city and vicinity—being as one to nine hundred and sixty. The manners, principles, and religion in both are the same.

That capital punishment is useless as an example, is sufficiently proved in England, where so many crimes are made punishable with death. While one man is undergoing execution for picking pockets, others will be perpetrating the same crime in the crowd under the gallows. But the very severity of the law renders it worse than useless: the humanity of judges and juries will not allow them to carry it into effect—and the consequence is that many criminals escape with impunity, who, under a milder code of laws, would be certain of punishment.

Of the utter inefficiency of sanguinary laws to prevent murder, we have several lamentable instances in our own country, where an execution for one murder has been the immediate cause of another. In 1822 John Lechler was executed at Lancaster, Pa. The consequence was, that, on the succeeding evening, twenty-eight persons were committed to jail for divers offences, such as murder, picking pockets, assault and battery, and so forth. The case of the man, in one of the interior counties of this state, who, after attending the execution of Strang, went home and murdered his neighbor, is well known.

Punishment as a mere matter of revenge, we suppose no legislator, of the present day, will pretend to advocate. And yet they still adhere to the old principle—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."—They particularly cling to the following passage of the Old Testament—"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Franklin, speaking of the influence of this passage upon the minds of persons otherwise enlightened on the subject of punishment, says—"I am disposed to believe, with a late commentator on this text of Scripture, that it is rather a prediction than a law. The language of it is simply, that such is the folly and depravity of man, that murder in every age shall beget murder." This interpretation is supported by other similar passages, as—"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity"—"He that taketh up the sword shall fall by the sword"—&c. But the advocates of blood for blood, act inconsistently, when they adhere to a single one of the Levitical laws, and renounce all the rest.

But the irremediable nature of capital punishment is sufficient alone to condemn it; especially when we consider the fallibility of human tribunals. Numer-

ous have been the instances of innocent persons having been condemned and executed for murder, the injustice of whose sentence has afterwards come out. How shocking—how sickening, to all just and humane feelings! Had these innocent persons been condemned to imprisonment instead of death; then the injury might have been repaired, on proof of their innocence.

The prejudice in favor of capital punishment, though still strong, we believe is daily giving ground, and must finally yield to the increase of a more enlightened and humane policy. Mr. Stowell deserves great credit for his exertions against the last remnant of a sanguinary code; and we hope his efforts for the abolition of capital punishment, may be crowned with the same success as were those in favor of non-imprisonment for debt.

### AN IRISH SERMON.

From Bernard's Retrospective we copy the following sketch of an amusing, but judicious sermon, preached in a little chapel near Sligo, in the land of "parables"—

"My dear children! You know that I have been your Father, and Comforter, and Confessor, these six-and-twenty years next Feast of the Virgin; and you all of you know what trouble I've had in keeping Satan from taking hold of your souls.—Ay, you may well look glum, but you are mighty sure, every son of Adam amongst you, that I have worked hard enough. But will you never leave off your abominable tricks? Will you never grow obedient? What! you think you may sin as you please the whole week long, and come to me for absolution at the end of it! Then I tell you what, darlings—you won't get it!—Arrah now, Mr. Pat Maloney, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit just then? I didn't say I meant you; but now you'll give me have to suppose so.—And you, Mr. Philip O'Shugnessy—you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big cold: wait a bit, darling; I'll come to you presently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten conscience to some tune!

"Does any one know Judy Bryant?—Oh, to be sure, every body knows poor Judy; and yet I dare say some of you will pretend to tell me that you never heard or saw such a cracher in all your born days. Now, couldn't poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry—her only blanket, on her own palings, but that the Devil must put it into the heads of certain parsons, whom I have at this moment in my eye, to take a fancy to the same?—Well, Murdock O'Donnell, I didn't say it was you did it, although you do look so fidgety and flustered; nor you, Barney McShane; but you remember I said I had the parson in my eye, do you? And you, Meggy Flanagan,—you can't sit any in your sate either: yet who would suspect you, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy one of the best cobblers in the country? He now deepened his voice, and threw into his manner a very impressive solemnity. "Remember what I have said, my children!—Poor Judy Bryant has lost her blanket! I have the big thistle before me that stow it; and if it is not returned to her before tomorrow morning, I'll excommunicate him and all that belongs to him; and I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next!"

"The terrific yell which was now sent forth by the 'children,' drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate, was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for, however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefitted by the ends he obtained."

### MUNCHAUSEN EXPEDITION.

"The Ambrosopodick and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." FRANKS.

The Marietta (O.) Republican tells a story of a company of men who have recently returned from an expedition beyond the Rocky Mountains—which expedition, says that paper, was instituted by Congress in 1821. But other editors have no recollection of any such expedition, nor of any act of Congress relating thereto; and therefore conclude the whole account to be a real Munchausen story. This conclusion is strengthened very materially by a great part of the narrative.

The company, according to this story, have been out eleven years on their expedition, eight of which they spent beyond the Rocky Mountains. They found the snow a part of the time "fourteen feet deep; and they were compelled to eat forty-one of their pack horses, to keep from starving; whilst the only food the horses had was birch bark, which the company cut and carried to them by walking on the snow with snow-shoes."

West of the Rocky Mountains they met with "three hundred and eighty nine different tribes of Indians, some perfectly white, some red, some entirely

covered with hair, denominated the Esau Indians, who were among the most singular, and so wild that the company were compelled to run them down with horses to take their dimensions, which was part of their duty."

Query—Did they use a ten-foot pole, or a two-rod chain?

"Whilst West of the Mountains," continues the narrative, "they fell in with a tribe denominated the Copper Indians, who receive their name from owning extensive copper mines. Three hundred of them, armed with bows and arrows, copper darts, copper knives and axes, attacked the company; a severe action ensued, and only thirty of the Indians escaped." Only two of the company were killed, and some others wounded.

Among other marvellous discoveries, they found large tracts of pure salt, one of which covered *eighteen acres*, and was several inches deep; "also, innumerable beds of alum, iron, lead, copper, gold and silver ore, the gold almost pure." Among the animals the most ferocious was the *grizzly grey bear*,—a huge species, some of which, killed by the company, weighed from *five to twelve hundred pounds*. Their strength was fairly beyond description.

Excuses.—It is an old saying that a poor excuse is better than none; and that many people think so, we have almost daily evidence. During the days of the famous embargo, it was exceedingly difficult to dispose of the produce of the country at any price. There was a plentiful lack of foreign merchandise; but a superabundance of the products of our soil, and the farmers, as they had reason to, complained bitterly of hard times—there was no market for their produce—and it was retting on their hands.

About this time, a gentleman, travelling through Maryland, called at a country tavern, and ordered some oats for his horse.

"I haven't got any oats," said the landlord.

"No oats?"

"Not a single one—this plaguy embargo is the ruin of us all."

"Well, some corn will answer."

"I haven't any corn."

"No corn neither?"

"Not a single grain; this rascally embargo keeps us bare of every thing."

"Emp!—Well, if you've neither oats nor corn, give the horse some hay."

"Hav'n't any hay."

"No!—What the devil have you got then?"

"We're out of every thing—all owing to this infernal embargo."

"But I thought the grain and other products of the farmers were rotting on their hands?"

"So they are—there's no getting a grain of any thing for love or money—all owing to this ravenous embargo!"

LECTURE TO FEMALES.—We understand Parson Graham proposes, before closing his lectures at Clinton Hall, to give one exclusively to females! What is the object of this lecture? Is it decent? If so, fathers, husbands, and brothers may attend. Is it indecent? If so, no lady can with propriety hear it, although no males be present. Does it relate to health, females have their confidential Physician to consult; and what place so proper as at home, in the bosom of their family? Besides, on whom are they to rely, if not on their physician? if not on the man who has made their diseases his study, and the management of their health his practice? Are they to trust, in preference, a man of a different profession, who, at best, can have no more than a mere smattering of the subject on which he professes to give instruction?

But the whole idea of a gentleman, even though a Parson, lecturing to a large crowd of females, on subjects professedly so indecent that the two sexes cannot be present and hear them without blushing, is shocking to all sense of propriety; and we think no prudent woman, or lady of any delicacy, would risk her reputation, or expose her ears, by being present on the occasion.

AN ANCIENT CASE OF LOCKED JAW.—A Scotch clergyman, in the southern part of this state, preaching on the subject of Daniel in the lion's den, and his miraculous deliverance from so imminent a peril, thus proceeded—

"And what d'ye think was the reason why the lions didn't tear Daniel a' to pieces, and eat him up, even as a cat eats up a mouse? I daur say nane o' ye can tell, noo. Vary weel, I'll tell you how it was: *The Laird alone, he gin 'em the LOCKED JAW.*"

FEAR KILLS MORE THAN THE DISEASE.—During the prevalence of a dangerous epidemic, fear is apt to produce very injurious effects—to increase and to aggravate the disease. The following ingenious paragraph, from the Sporting Magazine, may be appro-

priately applied to that terror of the present time, the Cholera, as well as to the plague.

"An Arab flying from the plague at Alexandria to seek refuge at Cairo, was overtaken by an old woman journeying to the same place, whom he recognised to be the plague itself.—'Ah,' said the man, 'you are going to kill every one at Cairo, now?' 'No,' replied she, 'I shall only kill three thousand.' Some time after, the traveller met this old woman again, when he said, 'You lied in promising to kill no more than three thousand at Cairo, you killed thirty.' 'You are wrong,' said she, 'I killed only three thousand—Fear killed the rest!'"

A HIGHER COURT.—Among a string of "Items" the Boston Transcript gives the following:

"A wealthy farmer, in the State of New York, having been sued by Mr. Havens, wrote the following classical epistle to his attorney:—'Cap.—Sur si that suite of *Heaven's* goes a gin me I want to carry it up to a higher corte for God noes I dont owe him one cent.'

"Delighted task to rear the teat, the thought,  
And teach the young idea how to snout."

An English paper gives the following specimen of the march of mind:

Schoolmaster. Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth—now, who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth? (*Boys silent.*) You cannot tell. Well, let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes, who lives over the way—now Mr. Sparkes has three sons, Tom, Jack, and Harry. Who is the father of Tom, Jack, and Harry?

Boys. Mr. Sparkes.  
Schoolmaster. That's right—very good boys indeed! Now then, Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth: who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?

Boys. Mr. Sparkes!

REAL TRAGEDY.—While Cummings, a distinguished tragedian of the last century, was playing, at one of the provincial theatres in England, the part of Dumont in *June Shore*, when he had repeated the words—

"Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,  
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul  
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to shew thee,  
May such befall me at my latest hour."

he tottered an instant, sunk down, and expired. The audience mistaking this for an intended point, rewarded him in the usual way; but, alas! he was forever insensible to their notice! Real and mimic life were essentially mingled into a departed shadow; and the actor was now upon a level with the monarchs and heroes it had been his highest ambition to imitate.

### NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER 541.

POWER OF INTELLECT.—There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to reverence: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honors in others.—We wed,—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own.—*Eugene Aram.*

NUMERICAL FIGURES.—The digits which we now employ, began to be made use of in Europe, for the first time, in 1240, in the *Alphonsean Tables*, made by the order of Alphonso, son of Ferdinand, King of Castile; who employed for this purpose, Isaac Hazan, a Jew singer of the synagogue of Toledo, and Aben Ragel, an Arabian. The Arabs took them from the Indians, in 900. The other Eastern nations received them through the means of the Spaniards, in a short time after their invasions. The first Greek who made use of them was Plenderus, in a work dedicated to Michael Paleologus, in 1270; so that the Greeks had them not from the Arabs, but the Latins. These cyphers were first used in Paris, in 1256; and became generally used in England, as Dr. Wallis thinks, about the year 1130.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

POETICAL CHARACTER OF THE VENETIANS.—The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of the Venetians, even amongst the tuneless sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet.—Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon



performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsy of a favorite "prima donna" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which in its common course, is varied with these surprises and changes so commendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. — *Notes to Child's Harlequin.*

**EXTRAORDINARY RECOGNITION.**—In the year 1793, Mrs. Cross, from Covent Garden Theatre, went to Scotland for the summer, and after the Edinburgh season had closed, the company went to Glasgow. On one occasion the Provost visited the theatre, and as soon as Mrs. Cross came on the stage, he loudly exclaimed, "Stop the play till I speak to that woman!" The manager instantly suspended the performance; the curtain was dropped. The Provost went round to Mrs. Cross's dressing-room. After a few inquiries, he found her to be his wife, from whom he had been separated nearly twenty years. They each had supposed the other dead. The husband immediately took her home, and the next evening she made her appearance at the theatre as a spectator. — *Dramatic Table Talk.*

**DESOTISM OR MAHOMED.**—A Jew, named Shapdji, had acquired in trade and banking transactions, an immense fortune; he made the most noble use of his wealth: his generosity to the unfortunate secured to him the title of "Father of the poor," and this from the unanimous voice of Constantinople; for, superior to the restricted spirit of his caste, he gave to all, and whether the sufferer was Christian, Turk, or Jew, was disinterested by his universal philanthropy. Popular sympathy was strong in favor of such a man; and even the precepts of the Koran (gentle in its imputations of charity) sanctified and defended him. But to the eyes of Mahomed, instead of Shapdji's charity covering a multitude of sins, his wealth covered all his virtues! Money was wanted; money must be had; and he unhesitatingly ordered the murder of the good man, and the confiscation of his property. The executioners and some *chicaneurs* (confidential messengers) were despatched to the Jew's residence: the latter advanced and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened by a servant. The emissaries desired to speak with Shapdji: the servant requested them to enter. They declined doing so, and said that Shapdji must descend to them, as they were bearers of a message from the Porte. The charitable Jew was confined to his bed by sickness; but he sent down his brother to bear the business, or again invite the messengers to ascend. They repeated they must communicate personally with Shapdji—that he must come down—that their business with him would not occupy a minute. The sick man, nothing doubting what awaited him, rose from his couch, threw on his *harem* (cloak), and, supported by his brother and a servant, went down to the door. His foot had scarcely touched the threshold, when the executioner, who had hitherto remained concealed, rushed upon him, and passing the fatal cord over his neck, strangled him, without giving him time to offer up a prayer to his God. Shapdji's brother fell senseless into the street; the myrmidons of despotism turned the domestics out of the house, and put the imperial seal on the doors. The immense wealth was presently secured and conveyed to the *hazne* (royal treasury) and a donation of 100,000 piastres, or about £800, sterling to the victim's brother, to keep him from starving, was generously made by the Sultan. When I was at Constantinople, the tragical tale was still in every one's mouth, and even Turks grieved for the fall of the good Jew, and regarded this proceeding of the Sultan with horror. It is the custom, on all executions ordered by the Porte, to affix a *yafsa*, or paper scroll, to the bleeding head, or blackened corpse, setting forth the offences of the deceased. The case of Shapdji was the first in which the *yafsa* was omitted. So spotless was his life and conduct, that those who had the heart to kill could not accuse him. — *McFarlane's "Constantinople in 1828."*

**IRISH ELOQUENCE.**—It has been the habit of late years to scoff at Irish eloquence; but let the scoffers produce among themselves the equal of a thousand passages that still live in the records of the fallacious parliament of Ireland. The meagre and affected style which has at length so universally pervaded

the department of public speaking—parliament, bar, and pulpit—shrinks with natural jealousy from the magnificence and native power of this great faculty of appeal to the understandings of all men alike; whose excellence was, that, at once enriched and invigorated by the noblest imagination, it awoke the reason not less than the feelings; and even in its most fantastic decoration, lost nothing of its original strength. It was ornamented; but its force was no more sacrificed to its ornament, than the solid steel of the Greek helmet to its plumage and sculptures. Grattan and Curran in Ireland, Sheridan and Burke in this country, were among the most logical of speakers; their finest illustrations were only more powerful arguments. The gold and jewels of that sceptre which they waved over the legislature with such undisputed supremacy, only increased the weight and substantial value of the emblem. — *Rev. C. Croly.*

**DAVID WILKIE.**—I happened to dine in company with Mr. Wilkie, the celebrated painter, and in the course of conversation asked him how he came to adopt that profession. I inquired, "Had your father, or your mother, or any of your relations, a turn for painting; or what led you to follow that life?" Upon which Mr. Wilkie said, "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter." "How—!" with astonishment I exclaimed. "I never had the pleasure of meeting with you before." To which Mr. Wilkie replied, "When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and that made me a painter." — *Sir John Sinclair's "Correspondence."*

**MEDICINE.**—When the plain dealing and honest Sydenham (one of the two or three really illustrious physicians who have been introduced into the Registrar's book) was asked by Sir Richard Blackmore, what works he should read to qualify him for a physician, he replied, "Read Don Quixotte; it is a very good book, I read it still." And another medical "Star" of the day, we believe Dr. Radcliffe, being consulted by a friend as to the course of education to be pursued by his son, who was intended for the profession, is said to have answered: "If you mean to make him a physician, be sure that he has a good dancing master." These are not satires upon a profession, that requires much grave and diligent study to enable a person to practise it properly, and with a due consideration to his conscience: they are the honest, impartial opinions of men who had already grown grey in practice, and whose judgment had been confirmed by a long and impressive experience of the world; and although many years have elapsed since they were given, we are very sure that they would apply with equal justice to the present day, or, indeed, to any period, so long as human credulity must be fed, and human vanity pampered. — *English-Illusion's Magazine.*

From Blackwood's Magazine for March.

#### THE PLAY.—FAMILY PORTRAY.

*Quaque ipse miserina vidi.*—VIRG.

Catharine of Cleves was a lady of rank, She had lands, and fine houses, and cash in the bank; She had jewels and rings, And a thousand smart things, Was lovely and young, With a rather sharp tongue, And she wedded a duke of high degree, With the star of the order of St. Esprit; But the Duke de Guise Was by many degrees Her senior, and not very easy to please; He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye, And a frown on his brow—and he looked like a Gey— So she took to intriguing With Monsieur St. Megrin, A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth, But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth; He would sing, fence, and dance With any man in France, And took his rappee with genteel *nouchalance*; He smiled, and he flattered, and flirted with ease, And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.

Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know If the lady approved of his passion, or no; So, without more ado, He put on his *surtout*, And went to a man with a beard like a Jew, One Signor Ruggieri, A cunning man near, he Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides, Perform tricks on the cards, and heaven knows what Besides,

Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon, And was thought to be thick with the man-in-the-moon. The sage took his stand With his wand in his hand, Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command, Saying solemnly—"Presto! Hey quick! Cock-a-lorum!" When the Duchess immediately popp'd up before 'em.

Just then a conjunction of Venus and Mars, Or something peculiar above in the stars, Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri, Who better, and left him alone with his deary.— Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees, And the Duchess shed tears large as marrowfat peas, When—fancy the shock!— A loud double knock Made the lady cry, "Get up, you fool!—there's De Guise!"

'Twas his grace sure enough; So Monsieur, looking bluff, Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff, While unseen by either, away flew the dame Through the opposite keyhole, the same way she came; But alack! and alas! A mishap came to pass, In her hurry she somehow or other let fall A new silk *bandanna* she'd worn as a shawl; She had used it for drying Her bright eyes while crying, And blowing her nose as her beau talk'd of "dying!" Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her, And knew the great C with the Crown in the corner, The instant he spied it smoked something amiss, And said, with some energy, "D—n it! what's this? He went home in a fume, And bounced into her room, Crying, "So, ma'm, I find I've some cause to feel jealous,

Look here!—here's a proof you run after the fellows! Now take up that pen—if it's bad, choose a better— And write as I dictate this moment a letter

To Monsieur—you know who!"— The lady look'd blue; But replied with much firmness, "Curse me if I do!" Then De Guise grasp'd her wrist With his great nuptial fist, And pinch'd it, and gave it so painful a twist, That his hard iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in; She didn't mind death, but she could not bear pinching; So she sat down and wrote This polite little note; "Dear Mister St. Megrin, The Chiefs of the League in Our house come to dine This evening at nine; I shall soon after ten, Slide away from the men,

And you'll find me up stairs in the drawing room then. Come up the back way, or those impudent thieves, The servants will see you:

Yours, Catharine of Cleves." She directed, and sealed it, all pale as a ghost, And De Guise put it into the two-penny post.

St. Megrin had almost jump'd out of his skin For joy, that day when the post came in.

He read the note through, Then began it anew, And thought it almost too good news to be true. He clasp'd on his hat, And a hood over that,

With a cloak to disguise him and make him look fat: So great his impatience, from half after four He was waiting till ten at De Guise's back-door.

When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime, He ran up the back-staircase six steps at a time, But had scarce made his bow He hardly knew how,

• He found, alas and alack! There was no getting back, For the drawing-room door was bang'd too with a whack.— In vain he applied To the handle, and tried,

Somebody or other had lock'd it outside! And the Duchess in agony sobb'd, "My poor chap We are catch like a couple of rats in a trap!"

Now the Duchess's Page, About twelve years of age, For so little a boy was uncommonly sage;

And, just in the nick, to their joy and amazement, Popp'd the gas-lighter's ladder close under the case-ment;

But all would not do— Though St. Megrin got through The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew,

And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin,

Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing; He thrust carte and tierce Remarkably fierce, But not Belzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce, While his doublet and hose, Being holiday clothes, Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his nose,

Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjurer gave him, From "pistol and sword" was sufficient to save him, But, when heat on his knees, That confounded De Guise

Came behind with his agile that caused all this breeze, Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and when backward he'd jump'd him,

The rest of the *troupe* jump'd on him and Burk'd him. The poor little page too himself got no quarter, but

Was served the same way, And was found, the next day, With his heels in the air and his head in the water-butt.

Catharine of Cleves Roar'd "Murder!" and "Thieves!" From the window above While they murder'd her love,

Till fading the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter, She drank Prussic acid without any water, And died like a Duke and a Duchess's daughter!

#### MORAL.

Take warning, ye fair, from this play of the Bard's, And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards! But steer clear of conjurers!—never put query To "wise Mrs. Williams," or folks like Ruggieri— When alone in your room shut your door to, and lock it; Above all, keep your handkerchief safe in your pocket! Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he Be call'd on,—sad poet!—to tell your sad story!

**AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.**—About thirty years since a farmer in a neighbouring town, went to his barn early one cold morning in the winter season to fodder his cattle. With pitchfork in hand, he mounted the scaffold to pitch down some hay. He had hardly commenced this operation, when he was sadly frightened at beholding two enormous eyes glaring at him from a beam within a few feet of his head. He soon ascertained to his confusion that it was a monstrous Wild cat, which appeared in the act of crowching, preparatory to a fatal spring. Self-preservation inspired the farmer to become the assailant, and accordingly, without losing time in idle compliments, he made a desperate attempt to transfix the savage animal with his pitchfork; but unhappily the tines of the fork only passed through the skin, grazed the back-bone of the beast, and nailed him to the roof. He felt himself wounded, and uttered the most horridly discordant noises, at the same time making violent efforts to get free. The farmer meanwhile held on to the end of the pitchfork, expecting every moment that his struggling antagonist would break loose, and sever him limb from limb.

The poor man bawled right lustily for aid—but the barn being at considerable distance from the house, he could not succeed in making himself heard—and in this unenviable situation, with the thermometer at zero, he was compelled to remain, until one of his sons wondering what detained his father so long from breakfast, went out to the barn—where he beheld the antagonists facing each other—the quadruped trembling with pain and rage, the biped with fear. The youth very unceremoniously seized another pitchfork, and without any regard to the rules of honourable warfare, soon gave the whiskered gentleman his quietus.—*Exeter News Letter.*

**TORY VARIETIES.**—One of the London papers furnishes an amusing series of illustrations of *Toryism*—of course, we presume, by a whig naturalist:—

Lord Ellenborough, Ama-Tory; Sir Henry Hardinge, Infatigable-Tory; Sir Charles Wetherell, Declamatory-Tory; Sir Robert Inglis, Conserva-Tory; Mr. Alexander Baring, Migra-Tory; Mr. Goulburn, Naga-Tory; Mr. Prad, Preda-Tory; Mr. Dawson, Ora-Tory; Lord Lyndhurst, Rota-Tory; Earl of Harrowby, Emenda-Tory; Duke of Wellington, Peremp-Tory; Sir Robert Peel, Fac-Tory; Mr. Perceval, Incanta-Tory; Lord Aberdeen, Prevancia-Tory; Lord Wharnccliffe, Media-Tory; Duke of Cumberland, Damma-Tory; Mr. John Wilson Croker, His-Tory; Earl of Eblon, Dila-Tory; The Marquis of Londonderry, Fulmina-Tory; Sir Henry Hallford, Condolo-Congratula-Tory, alias Purga-Tory.

**PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.**—We lay before our readers a few heads of speeches; they form the cream of the debates for the last fortnight:—Mr. Perceval said he never had an idea—Sir Charles Wetherell said he had no reason—Lord Lyndhurst said he must entreat of every one to give him credit—Mr. Maberly observed that he felt himself at a loss—Sir Edward Sugden was not one of those who thought—Mr. Croker said he had the fullest assurance—Sir Charles Wetherell declared that he would not encourage the making of breaches—Mr. Hunt said he was very much indebted.—*Figaro.*

## THE HOMES OF IRELAND.

An imitation.

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land.

Mrs. Hemans.

The stately homes of Ireland!  
How desolate they stand,  
Amidst the forest groves and trees  
Of this deserted land.  
The deer no more o'er meadows bound,  
Or bask in summer's beam;  
The swan her song in plaintive sound  
Is waiving on the stream.

The mournful homes of Ireland!  
Around the turf fire night,  
There, looks of famine,—not of love,  
Meet in the dismal light.  
No woman's voice is heard in song,  
No childhood's tale is told;  
The calls of hunger are among  
The youthful and the old.

The wretched homes of Ireland!  
The demon-discount lowers;  
Banished the hallow'd quietness  
Of sacred Sabbath hours.  
Solemn, yet sad, the church-bell's chime  
Flows o'er the winds at morn;  
Piercing passions rise in that still time,  
Ere dawning tale and scorn.

The cottage homes of Ireland,  
By thousands on her plains;  
The cabin and the smoking hut,  
No comfort now contains.  
Through bog and rushes forth they prey,  
Overwhelmed with rankling weeds,  
In deep despair their inmates sleep,  
And dream of desperate deeds.

The free, fair homes of Ireland!  
Ere long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof return,  
And guard each hallowed wall.  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where true the patriot spirit loves  
Its country and its God!

## NOCTURNAL ATTACK ON A BUCCANIER.

From the *Adventures of a Younger Son*.

I warped outside the harbour, and every night at sunset, I hoisted the boats in, and have short, lying in readiness to leave on the instant. On the tenth day after our arrival, one hour after midnight, I observed, by the phosphoric light sparkling on the black surface of the water, something approaching us with unusual rapidity. The halloing and distant turmoil in the harbour was hushed; the moving lights on the shore had been some time extinguished, but just then I thought I descried some commotion on the pier. As the sound was borne off by the light air from the land, I distinctly heard some one hailing a boat in the port. This was repeated louder and louder. Lights then re-appeared along the beach, and I heard the sound of oars, and spurs, and boats, as if moving from amongst others to the shore. The noise growing higher, I turned towards the first object that had caught my attention in the other quarter; and, though all was silent there, I still distinguished the sparkling ripple in the waters, and a long arrowy line of light, such as a shooting star leaves in the heavens, or the wake of a boat darting on a fine sea in this climate. By the muffled sound of oars, and by the long and heavy strokes which De Ruyter had taught the men in his favorite boat, I knew her, and wondered at her returning before the wanted hour, and at the rapidity with which she approached. The noise in the harbor augmented. My mind misgave me that all was not right. I felt my heart flutter with anxiety of I knew not what. I called the Serang, who was sleeping, (the Rais being with the boat,) told him to arouse the men, and, in my impatience, kicked them up myself.

Ordering them to man the capstan, loose the jib and fore-top-sail, and cast off the lashings of the fore and aft main-sail, I returned to the gangway, where, now seeing our boat, I hailed her. Instead of the usual reply of "Adebar," a voice answered in a low and suppressed tone, "Yup! Yup!" (silence! silence!) I had been instructed regarding this signal, and rushing to the bow, I seized the ace lying by its side in readiness, then, ordering the jib to be hoisted to pay her round, cut the cable, together with a clip from an Arab's leg, who was standing by it.

De Ruyter then came forward, and said: "That was right, my boy, in cutting the cable; but be cool,—you have wounded this poor fellow,—send him into the cabin. Clap all the canvas on her instantly. I'll go aft." The blood-boands have hit on a scent; they think to find us like jungle-fowls at noon; but they shall find a panther, and he is never caught sleeping!"

He sprang aft. We wore slowly round, and as I was cursing the length of her keel, and the lightness of the breeze, which made her so tardy in paying round, De Ruyter put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Arise the men, \* \* \*"—but only with their spears. Let no boat come alongside of us, or attempt to speak them fair, but if a man puts his hand on the ladder, spear him as you would a wild boar. There is no occasion for salpêtre, it makes a noise, and has a bad smell. Harpoon them! but not till I tell you. I must keep back and not be seen. If they question about De Witt, the merchant, say you know him not."

Two boats were approaching, and the foremost pulled us with—"Grab, ahoy!" I answered. They commanded me to "heave to," as they wished to see the

captain. I ordered the Serang to let the mainsail fall, and lose the top-gallant-sails, and replied—"We are going to sea. I have got my port clearances, and ship's papers, all regularly signed at the proper offices. I can't lose this breeze. What do you want?"

"Heave to, sir, or we shall fire!"

"You had better not," I said.

We had not yet weigh enough on her to distance the first boat, which belonged to the captain of the port. De Ruyter ordered the men to lie down on deck. He stood at the helm. He was just calling to me to keep under cover, when, with a flash of light from the boat, a ball whizzed by my head, and went into the mast. In obedience to De Ruyter's orders, I did not return it, much against my inclination. Soon after, as the boat was shooting up to board us on the gangway, De Ruyter, bearing away, brought them under the lee quarter. Not being able to board us there, they lost some time by falling astern, before they could re-use their oars. In this way (the breeze now freshening a little) we kept them off some time, during which not a word was spoken. De Ruyter remained at the helm, and I, with a party of men, stood ready, all armed with spears, to prevent their boarding us. The other boat was nearing us, and both had fired many muskets; but we, sheltered by the bulkheads of the deep waist, were untouched. The foremost boat now got hold of the lee chains, and they were very coolly coming on board. De Ruyter said, "Chee-lo chae!" (Advance, boys!) when we thrust our spears through the port-holes, and three or four, with their leader, fell back, spitted, into the boat, yelling with pain. Notwithstanding an officer's commanding them to hold on, they would not; but as the other boat was coming up under the stern, I cast off one of the after guns, ran it out of the stern port, and hailing both the boats, I said, "If you pull another stroke in our wake, or play your fire-works off under our stern, you shall hear the roar of this brazen serpent." "Command where you have power to enforce obedience; you have none here."

I blew the cotton match; they saw the bright brass muzzle of the gun depressed to a line with the boat, when I could have blown them to pieces. They lay on their oars; and their oaths and threats, mingled with the rippling of the waves, died away, while we, crowded with sail, majestically receded from the port, and beheld them returning from their bootless expedition to the shore.

## BYRON'S EARLY ATTACHMENT.

We regret to learn that the death of Mrs. Musters of Colwick Hall, was remotely produced by the disastrous events that disgraced the neighbourhood of Nottingham at the period of the rejection of the Reform Bill; when (according to the testimony borne by her son in the recent trials) she was compelled to take refuge in the plantations, and remain there for some hours, exposed to the cold and damp, though suffering from severe indisposition. Mrs. Musters is thus doubly pointed out to the interest of the country; her name being already connected with some of the most beautiful verses "in our land's language." The "Mary" of Lord Byron's early passion, who will one day become as intimately associated with the annals of poetry as those of Laura de Sades or the Lady Dorothy Sidney, of Leonora d'Este, or the Countess d'Albani, is thus apostrophized in "Don Juan":—

"I have a passion for the name of Mary,  
For once it had a magic sound to me,  
And still it had calls up the realm of fairy,  
Where I beheld what never was to be;  
All feelings changed, but this was lost to vary—  
A spell from which even yet I am not free."

But the more impassioned invocation in the poem of "The Dream" (the most highly finished of the noble Lord's minor productions) contains, in fact, the sketch of his ill-fated engagement with Miss Chaworth, and a pathetic allusion to the mental aberration under which she then laboured:

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream—  
The lady of his love, oh! she was changed  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of dissipated things,  
And Goss, impenetrable and unrevolved  
Of others' sight, familiar were to her's;  
And this the world calls phrenzy."

The melody alluded to in these lines is generally understood to have been occasioned by the shock of an accidental meeting between Lord Byron and Mrs. Musters at Hastings, in the year 1813; and it lasted a considerable time. Of the original rupture of the projected marriage between the parties, some years previously, various versions are already before the public. The following is one which (though not accepted among Lord Byron's biographers) was pretty generally circulated at the time. At the period of his Lordship's approaching nuptials with the heiress of Annesley, Mrs. Musters, mother to the present proprietor of Colwick, was the handsomest woman in Nottinghamshire, somewhat declining in beauty, but still sufficiently admired, and admired with sufficient justice, to render her extremely attractive in the eyes of a young man unpractised in the fascinations of the sex. Mrs. M., who was on terms of intimate acquaintance with Miss Chaworth, was extremely anxious to secure so valuable an alliance for her own son, Jack Musters, then of high renown in the county for the manly spirit of his adventures; and accordingly devoted herself to the captivation of the young lordling, who was thus beguiled from his allegiance to his

"Mary," "the lady of his love," to sun himself in the smiles of a maturer enchantress. Miss Chaworth was piqued; Jack Musters profited by the absence of his rival to put forward his own pretensions; and in the sequel, the fair one of Annesley became Mrs. Chaworth (Mr. Musters having assumed that name on his marriage) while Lord Byron set sail for Greece. It is asserted, by the most intimate of his friends, that his metrical passion for "Mary" was more of a poetical fiction than a real transcript of his feelings; but there is a vein of pure and simple pathos in the stanzas published in the volume with *Childe Harold*, beginning,

"Well—thou art happy."

and containing those exquisite lines referring to the offspring of her union with Mr. Musters,

"I kissed it, and repressed my sighs,

Is father in its face to see;

But then it had its mother's eyes,

And they were all to love and me."

which bears the characters of genuine feeling. Burns' "Mary in Heaven" is scarcely the object of a more subdued yet intense affection.—*London paper*.

## THE ARABIAN BRIDE.

From the *Atlas*.

From the same work that afforded us several striking extracts in last week's *Atlas*, we now quote, with abridgement, some fascinating descriptions of a different kind. The hero of the tale (the *Adventures of a Younger Son*) receives an Arab bride at the hands of her dying father, and we are thus made acquainted with the occurrences of his first interview with the maiden.

"The cabin-door was opened by a little Malayan slave girl, from the coast of Malabar, whom I had sent as my first gift, and I entered. The lady—mine was seated cross-legged on a low couch, so shrouded and enveloped in white drapery, the mourning of her country, that I could distinguish nothing of those wondrous beauties the old Arab woman had talked of. On my entrance I thought her one of those marble figures I had heard of in Egyptian temples; but I found she was alive. Her feet were bare; she rose and placed them in embroidered slippers, which lay on the deck of the cabin; she took my hand, put it to her forehead, then to her lips; I entreated her to be seated. She resumed her position, and remained motionless, her arms drooping listlessly down; her little rosy feet nestled under her, like tiny birds under the mother's wing. Her hair, the only part now visible, covered her like a jet black cloud. I had felt the pressure of her tremulous lips; and imagination, or perhaps some faint outline which fancy had left graven on my hand, pictured her mouth exquisitely soft and small,—(I loathe a large and hard one.) and I think now, this silent pressure wove the first link of that diamond chain which time nor use could ever break or wear away. I seemed entranced. We both sat silent; and I felt it a relief when the old Arab woman returned with coffee, and mangostene and guava jelly. She again rose, which I would have prevented, but the old woman signed me to sit still. She took a minute cup, in a filigree silver stand, and presented it to me. I was so intently gazing on her tapering, delicately formed fingers, that I upset the coffee, and, putting the cup to my mouth, was going to swallow that; which, indeed, as it was not bigger than the spicy shell of mace that holds the nutmeg, I might have done without choking. The old woman told me afterwards this was a bad omen. She then presented the conserves, and, returning the stand to the woman, resumed her seat. Taking from my hand a ring of gold, with an Arabic inscription, and hooped with two circles of camel's hair, the same her expiring father had placed on my finger, I held it towards her. The low and suppressed moans she made on my entrance broke out into sobs, so violent that I could see her loose vest agitated by the beating of her heart. I was about to remove this object, which awakened such painful remembrances, when she grasped it, pressed it to her lips, and wept over it some time. The woman then said something to her; and, without the guidance of her eyes, she again put forth her tapering little fingers, and replaced the ring. It was indeed the antique signet of her father's tribe; and, like the seal of princes, it made right wrong, or wrong, right, and gave, and took away, and made, and unmade laws, obeying the will of its wearer. She put it on the forefinger of my right hand; and again pressed my hand to her head and lips. Upon this I took a ring I had selected from De Ruyter's store of baubles, and which, by its size, seemed to have been worn by a fairy. Gently disengaging her hand from the drapery, as it lay motionless by her side, I placed this ring on the forefinger of her right hand;—the old woman smiled. This interchange of rings was a definite acknowledgment of our union. I now asked the lady if I could do any thing to add to her comfort on board the ship. I told her I had collected and released all I could find of the tribe of her father; that they should be kindly attended to; that I was a stranger, and ignorant of many of their customs, entreating that she would direct me; that our Rais was a good man, and would love her like a father. Her sobs now became more violent. Catching the infection of melancholy, I put my hand to my heart, and said, "Dear sister, moderate your grief. Command me in all things; for am I not your happy slave?" She did nothing but weep, and I withdrew. Thus passed my first visit, and many successive ones. It was long ere I heard the music of her voice. I thought she was mute as well as motionless. I was unwearied in attempting to win her regard. Yet so long she remained insensible, that I thought I might as well have worshipped a mummy from the pyramids;

and had not my impatience been listened to, and soothed, by the kind-hearted Aston, I should have expressed my dissatisfaction to the lady herself, and totally have withdrawn from her, as my presence seemed offensive. Perhaps that would have been no easy task. For though I could never interchange speech with Zela, the old Arab woman was not so reserved. She would stop in the midst of every errand, as she crossed the deck, and talk of nothing but her lady Zela. At last she instilled into me hopes that Zela was not insensible of my kindness; that she said I was very good,—I must be, for her people said so; that it was a pity I spoke her language so imperfectly, and was a stranger of a far distant tribe; she was sorry the great kala paner (black water) was between our father's lands; but I was gentle, kind, beautiful as a zebra, and she liked to hear my voice. This delicious poison relented my expiring hopes; the dark old woman grew bright and entertaining, and her harsh voice sounded sweet. My night watches seemed miraculously diminished. Yet I had seen no more of Zela than her foot and head; the tone of her voice I was as yet a stranger to. How then could I love her? I had never felt, or seen, or dreamt of the strange power of love. Indeed, I know not when, or why, or where, or how he found entrance even in my thoughts. It appeared to me I was only fulfilling a duty, sacred from its having been laid on me by the impressive energy of a dying parent, consigning to me, with his last breath, his friendless child. In the crystal purity of youth, this was the first impressive scene, in which I had been the principal actor, in which the emphatic appeal was made to the good feelings of my heart, a sealed fountain, then broken; and pity, and sorrow, and now love were flowing from it like a swollen torrent, which bears down all before it. The poor little captive bird was building her nest in my bosom's cove, whilst I thought her quietly caged in my cabin below. My visits grew longer, and more frequent. I retained her passive hand in mine, till I felt its warmth restored, and fancied it glowing with mine. The very air about her seemed to grow heavy with fragrant odour. Even the touch of her insensible hair, more graceful than the willow's pendent boughs, as it kissed my cheek, filled my soul with passion. All my senses seemed exquisitely refined, and a world of new thoughts and delicate fancies to have birth within me. As I at last caught the full radiant brightness of her large dark eye, my limbs shook, my voice trembled, and my heart beat convulsively, and fast. Holding her hand, I gazed in speechless ecstasy. Whether she observed, I know not; but she removed her hand, and veiled the brightness of her eyes. It was enough; it had thrilled through me, and the fire was inextinguished. She had murmured some words in a broken voice, which buzzed in my ears like a homed bee's, or like the warbling of the humming-bird, that lives in the cinnamon groves, and her breath was sweeter than the trees on which it lives. My senses ached with the intensity of the new world of delight which opened to me. And love was thus ignited in my breast, pure, ardent, deep, and imperishable. Zela, from that day, was the star I was destined to worship; the deity at whose altar I was to offer all the fragrant incense of my first virgin affections, feelings, and passions. Nor did ever votary dedicate himself to his god with intenser devotion than I consecrated my heart to Zela. When dull mortality returns to dust, when the spirit bursts its charnel-vault, and wings its way, like a dove, it will find no resting-place, or olive branch of peace, till reunited with Zela's; then will they blend, two sunbeams together, shining onward to eternity."

— This is on shipboard: we add a scene on shore.

"Zela had the blood of a fearless race. She had been bred and schooled amidst peril, always at hand. Not having learnt to affect what she did not feel, she crossed ravines, wound along precipices, and waded through streams and rivers, not only without impeding us by enacting a pantomimic representation of fears, tears, entreaties, prayers, screaming, and fainting, but she was such a simpleton as not even to notice them, unless, in the usual sweet, low tone of her voice, to remark that they were delightful places to sit in, during the sultry part of the day; or she would stop her pony over a precipice to gather some curious flowers, drooping from a natural arch; or to pluck the pendant and waving boughs of the most graceful of Indian trees, the imperial mimosa, sensitive and sacred as love, shrinking from the touch of the profane."

"Put this," she said, holding out a branch, "in your turban; for I am sure in some of these hollow caves and dreary chasms the eagles live; they feed their young with human blood, and they love to give them the young and beautiful. Put it in your turban, brother,—since you say I must not call you master;—and never frown,—I do not like to see it, for then you are not so handsome,—I mean, good, as when you smile. Do not laugh, but take it. It will preserve you from every spell and magic. Nothing bad dares come near it."

While crossing a sandy level, suddenly she started, as her eye caught some object. Without stopping her horse, which was ambling along, she sprang off and ran up a sand hill, like a white dove. Never having witnessed any thing like this before, I was so astonished that she was returning, ere I could overtake her to ask if an ogre had lured her with his evil eye. "O, no," she cried,—"look here! You like flowers; but did you ever see any one so lovely as this? Smell it,—tis so sweet, that the rose, if growing near it, loses its beauty and fragrance, from envy of its rival."



Certainly I thought she was bewitched. It was a glaring, large, red bough, full of blowzy blossoms, and yellow berries, with a musky fetid odour. "Why," I exclaimed, "you have as much reason to be jealous of old Kamalia, your nurse, as the rose to be jealous of such a scraggy brawny as this! Faugh! the smell makes me sick."

I suppose I was instigated to make this rude speech by her fondling and kissing it. Her dark eyes expanded; and she seemed, for an instant, to view me with astonishment, then with sorrow; as they closed, I perceived that their brightness was gone, and the long jetty fringe, which arched upwards as it pressed her cheek, was covered with little pearly dew-drops. The branch fell from her hand under my feet, her sprightly form drooped, and the tones of her voice reminded me of the time when she hung over her dying parent, as she said,—"Pardon me, stranger! I had forgotten you are not of my father's land. This tree covered my father's tent, sheltered us from the sun, and kept away the flies, when we slept in the day. Our virgins wreath it in their hair, and, if they die, it is strewn over their graves. So, I can't help loving it better than any thing. But, since you say it makes you sick, I won't love it, or gather it any more." Then her words became almost inarticulate from sobbing, as she added,—"Why should I wear it now? I belong to a stranger! My father is gone!"

I need scarcely say that I not only returned the flowers, and pleaded my ignorance, but I went up the hill, and pulled up the tree by the roots. "Sweet sister," said I, "I was only angry with it because you abused the favourite tree of our country, the rose. But now, as the sun shines on it, and I see it nearer,"—looking at her,—"I do think the rose may envy it, as the loveliest of my countrywomen might envy you. I'll plant it in our garden."

"O, how good you are!" she exclaimed; and I'll plant a rose-tree near it, and they shall mingle their sweets, for our love and care of them will make them live together without envy. Every thing should love each other. I love every tree, and fruit, and flower."

Still I observed, as her thin robes were disarranged, that her little downy bosom fluttered like an imprisoned bird panting for liberty; and to turn her thoughts from what had pained her, I said,—"Do not fear, dear Zela. That is the last stream we have to cross; and then we shall ride over that beautiful plain."

"O, stranger!" she replied, "Zela never feared any thing, but her father, when angry; and then, those who feared not to gaze on the lightning, when all the world appeared to be on fire, feared to look in his face. Then his voice was louder than the thunder, and his huge deadlier than the thunder-bolt. Last evening, when you talked to that tall man, who is so gentle, you looked like my father; and I thought you were going to kill him, and I wanted to tell you not; for I have read his eyes, and he loves you much. It is very bad to be angry with those that love us."

"Oh, you mean Aston! No, dear, I was not angry with him. I love him too. We were talking of the horrid cruelties practised upon the poor slaves here, and I was angry at that."

"I wish I knew your language! How I should have loved to hear you! And then I should have slept; but being ignorant of that, I did not fear, but weep, because I thought I saw you angry with one that loves you."

## DYING.

*Holmes.*—The laws of nature are all directed by Divine Wisdom for the purpose of preserving life and increasing happiness. Pain seems in all cases to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be the falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives in a reasoning being, would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative with respect to both these passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts. Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the dissolution of organs, and cannot follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating. Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Black, worn out by age and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner, that he had not even spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, whilst at a social meal with his friends, Mons. and Mad. Berthelot and Gay-Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt.

*Physicus.*—I cannot help regarding the end of human life as most happy, when terminated under the impulse of some strong energetic feeling, similar in its nature to an instinct. I should not wish to die like Attila in a moment of gross sensual enjoyment; but the death of Epaminondas or Nelson in the arms of victory, their

whole attention absorbed in the love of glory and of their country, I think really enviable.

*Holmes.*—I consider the death of the martyr or the saint as far more enviable; for in this case, what may be considered as a divine instinct of our nature, is called into exertion, and pain is subdued or destroyed, by a secure faith in the power and mercy of the Divinity. In such cases man rises above mortality, and shows his true intellectual superiority. By intellectual superiority I mean that of his spiritual nature, for I do not consider the results of reason as capable of being compared with those of faith. Reason is often a dead weight in life, destroying feeling, and substituting for principle, calculation and caution; and in the hour of death, it often produces fear or despondency, and is rather a bitter draught than nectar or ambrosia in the last meal of life. The higher and more intense the feeling under which death takes place, the happier it may be esteemed. The immortal being never can quit life with so much pleasure as with the feeling of immortality secure, and the vision of celestial glory filling the mind, affected by no other passion than the pure and intense love of God.—*Sir H. Dary.*

## THE HORSE-JOCKEY OUTWITTED.

Nearly forty years ago, a celebrated and highly respectable horse dealer in the vicinity of Edinburgh, while shewing off his long train of horses, on a Wednesday, as usual, in the Grassmarket, was asked by a stranger the price of one of them. After some jockeying on both sides, the bargain was fixed at £22. The stranger asked the horse dealer to step into a neighbouring shop and he would pay him. In the mean time, as is customary at fairs, he gave over the horse to a servant who was in waiting. After they got into the shop, a dram, as usual, was called for. The stranger, pretending he needed small notes, stepped to the shopkeeper to get change, but took the opportunity of stealing out, leaving the seller in the lurch. For many years the respectable dealer was in hopes of discovering the face of his friend, at some fair or other, but for a great length of time all was in vain, and he had actually given up any further outlook. One day, however, again in the Grassmarket he recognised the culprit, having in his turn a number of horses for sale. The former duped dealer at once formed his plan, and going up to him in the most indifferent manner, and without showing that he had ever seen him before, fixed his eyes upon a horse, asking his price. The demand was 32 guineas. The price was far too high, but the intending buyer was not much inclined to stickle about the price, so, after the accustomed manœuvring of offering and refusing, going away and coming back—one hand held out and the other drawn back—a hearty slap concluded the bargain, to their mutual satisfaction, at £28, the purchaser declaring he had "paid too much money for him," and the seller pledging his word that he had got him below his own money! The buyer's acute and well known foreman was in attendance, and having got the wink from his master, the horse was in the twinkling of an eye, placed in the centre of his string and trotted off. The parties were again housed, to pay and receive. The purchaser pulled out his large pocket-book (in which he seldom carried less than £1000 to £1500) and handing his friend £26, "this," says he, "settles our accounts, and I have no wish again to open them, Sir, with you." On being asked what he meant—"Sir, you will recollect," said the other, "that 17 years ago—past last month—you bought a horse from me in this place, and stole away without paying me. The balance betwixt the one and the other is £26—there it is. I might charge you with interest, but I know nothing about it, having never got or paid any in all my transactions of this kind, nor will I ask you for a *luck-penny*, any further than you like yourself." The stranger swore he had never seen him, and that it was the first time he had ever been in Edinburgh, &c. After much altercation, the duped now finding himself duped, was glad to accept the alternative of taking the money, or going before a magistrate without it. He sulkily put the notes in his pocket, and foolishly walked away.—*Scots paper.*

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The following are extracts from a public address on that anniversary, by President Lincoln, of Nashville College.

"Will these inestimable blessings be perpetuated amongst ourselves? Will our union be preserved, and our liberties be transmitted undiminished to the latest posterity? These are startling questions—and occasionally there are symptoms which render them painfully unwelcome and obtrusive.

Our Union may be dissolved. We may have a dozen or a score of petty, hostile, rival, jealous, selfish, miserable republics—but they will be republics, not monarchies. I will not suffer myself to dread such a catastrophe as probable. I barely admit it to be possible. Is there living the American patriot who could wish to survive our national Union—or to witness the humiliating degradation which its dismemberment would entail upon the character and destinies of his countrymen? Washington has not failed, in his Farewell Address, to indicate the causes which might lead to so fatal an event, as well as the calamitous consequences which would inevitably result. May the spirit of Washington ever preside in our councils and animate the hearts of all our people!

That our republican forms will be permanent, I doubt not—because they are inseparable from

the fixed habits of our people. Their spirit however may be utterly perverted and profligate. And this is the great evil to which we are peculiarly liable. We may retain all our favourite names and modes, and yet lose the essential prerogatives and healthful tone of celestial liberty. We may be cozened or flattered out of the substance, and be induced to rejoice in the empty shadow. The son of liberty had gone down forever in Republican Rome, long before the conqueror of Gaul and Germany passed the Rubicon.

With us, a majority must of necessity govern. Let that majority become ignorant, corrupt, and reckless, and who shall restrain them from any measures of injustice, violence or madness? Will they reverence a paper constitution which they can make or unmake, interpret or torture at their pleasure, or trample in the dust with impunity? A legislative body—always an irresponsible body—countenanced, sustained and impelled by an exasperated or inflated majority, may deliberately consummate acts and schemes of high-handed villany and despotism, which a Roman Nero or Turkish Sultan would blush to perpetrate or to think of. Washington foresaw these dangers also, and he has pointed out their only preventive, and the only preservative of our republican system in all its pristine purity, beautiful proportions and harmonious movements. Intelligence, virtue, religion—these are the pillars of liberty's temple. Without these, our republic will exist only in name. For although, as I have already intimated, these may not suffice to originate and establish a republican government in countries where such a government has never been known—yet, without these, no republican or free government will long be maintained in fact. Deprived of these safeguards, our people will be arrayed, party against party, in all the phrenzy of malignant and uncontrollable passion. Then, no honest man will dare to express an opinion, or to appear in the councils of his country. Ten, fifteen, twenty millions of ignorant, venal, republican citizens—bought up, and goaded onward by factious desperadoes—may render existence more unbearable among Columbia's free born sons than it now is or ever has been under any European or Asiatic tyrant.

So thought Washington:—"The alternate domination of one faction over another, (says he,) sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism; but this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism."

Let the warning voice of our sainted Washington this day be heard with filial reverence throughout these, at present, peaceful, happy, and united States. Yes, we are yet peaceful and united. The demon of party strife has raged—is raging—and may rage hereafter—but Washington has taught us how to avert its desolating fury and to control its unhalloved ambition. If the paternal counsels of Washington shall be sincerely regarded, we shall be a moral, enlightened, religious, free, united and happy people to the end of time. And all nations will be eager and proud to follow our example, to imitate our virtues, to adopt our institutions—and will bless God that Washington has lived, not for America only, but for the universe and for eternity.

The age of Washington is the classic age of American history. It is a resplendent, a glorious, a golden age. The character of Washington may, without even the semblance of hyperbole, be pronounced in a single word—*Perfection!* So far, at least, as perfection may be justly predicated of any mere mortal man.

Among the great personages whom mankind have delighted to honour, not one can be designated as worthy of being adjudged his peer. How lovely and docile and dutiful in childhood—how nobly good and brave in youth and manhood—how wise, magnanimous, philanthropic, dignified, unostentatious, pure and single-hearted in all his unparalleled property, and through every scene of his wonderful career!

In all the walks and relations of private and domestic life he shone with a beauty and splendor peculiarly his own. He was eminently rich in good works—and envy dared not hate or revile him. He was the able, judicious and unwearied advocate of every useful enterprise and institution—of religion, order, morals, science and universal education.

He was American in all his feelings, sentiments and policy. He belonged to no party—but to his country. Nor was his patriotism selfish or exclusive. His benevolence extended to the whole family of mankind. Though sternly just in all his intercourse with foreign nations—he exacted nothing which he was not heartily disposed to reciprocate. He observed the strictest neutrality towards the European belligerents, and laboured to convince his fellow-citizens and the world that this was and ever must be the genuine policy of the American government.

In him was no blemish which requires the obnoxious mantle of charity from the partial biographer or from a grateful posterity. His entire life, from the cradle to the grave, is before the world

—and it may boldly challenge the severest scrutiny.

His is a life to be studied, not merely by the warrior, the politician, the statesman, the philosopher—but by the humblest citizen of the republic. He possessed virtues and excellencies which all may imitate—though, in majesty and grandeur, none may ever approach him.

He was born in humble obscurity—but in him were blended all the elements which ever ensure pre-eminence under any circumstances. He would have been great and good—had the revolution, which made him the greatest and the best, never occurred. He would have been, as he was, the most skillful, scientific and successful farmer in Virginia. And he would have been, as he was, respected, beloved and honoured by all his fellow-citizens. It seems ever to have been a maxim with him, that there is nothing worth doing at all which is not worth doing well. And another, not less important, that time is invaluable and that every moment must be improved. Whatever he did, therefore, was well done—and he never passed an idle or unprofitable hour. He resolved, while yet poor, to be independent—that he might be honest and useful. He therefore applied himself diligently to business, and to the acquisition of such knowledge as would ensure him success and reputation. He was industrious and economical; not to amass wealth for its own sake, but that he might be virtuous, just and generous. It was this truly noble spirit of honourable independence, cherished from early youth, which preserved him from pecuniary embarrassment throughout the long period of his public services, and which enabled him to decline all pecuniary remuneration from his grateful country—and finally to manifest a princely hospitality and magnificence, without a particle of princely parade, extravagance or ostentation.

Washington never flattered the great nor courted the multitude. He never solicited office. He was ever ready to serve his country, but never sought to govern it. He never resorted to artifice, intrigue or management for any selfish purpose whatever. If he was ambitious, it was to deserve the esteem of the wise and the good—not to acquire power, wealth, honour or fame.

With him character—moral character—was every thing from the beginning. He always acted from principle—from the highest, holiest religious principle. And by the force of character, he rose in the confidence, admiration and affections of his countrymen. Neither birth, nor fortune, nor family alliances contributed, in the least, to his exaltation. It was all the result of his own good conduct, sound sense, irrefragable diligence, uniform kindness, invincible integrity, devoted patriotism, moral courage, christian magnanimity—and of that determined resolution, which is ever the attribute of superior genius and real greatness, to become equal to every occasion, emergency and enterprise which he was providentially summoned to encounter or to direct.

There have been many ambitious Cæsars—many illustrious patriots—many talented demagogues—many splendid traitors—whose glory and whose infamy are recorded in the everlasting page of history. Our country has produced a noble band of heroic warriors and gifted sages and accomplished statesmen—but, hitherto, no Cæsar, and but one Arnold.

Our world has produced but one WASHINGTON.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—Baron Zach, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the heavens.—(Art. Astronomy, Encyclop. Brit.)—If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets (leaving comets out of the calculation,) we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the known universe. As there are suns to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are also eyes to behold it, and beings whose nature in this important particular, is analogous to our own. To form an idea of the infinitely small proportion which our earth bears to this vast aggregate of systems, let us suppose 5000 blades of grass to grow upon a square yard, from which we find, by calculation, that a meadow one mile long, by two-thirds of a mile in breadth, will contain 10,000 millions of blades of grass. Let us then imagine such a meadow stretches out to the length of a mile before us, and the proportion which a single blade of grass bears to the whole herbage on its surface—will express the relation which our earth bears to the known universe! But even this is exclusive, probably, of millions of suns "lost" in the unknown depths of space, and placed for ever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation.

"PECULIARITIES" OF THE PRESS.—The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke, a perpetual and never-to-be-exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five hundred miles of London?—of course its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Does it happen to take place in town instead of the country?—of course, "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," &c. Is there a chimney on fire?—of course the "deouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is

